

THE
ADVENTURES
OF
ROBERT CHEVALIER,
CALL'D
De BEAUCHENE,
CAPTAIN of a PRIVATEER in
NEW-FRANCE.

By Monsieur LE SAGE,
Author of GIL-BLAS.

VOL. II

LONDON:

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1844.



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SECOND VOLUME.

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C O N T E N T S.

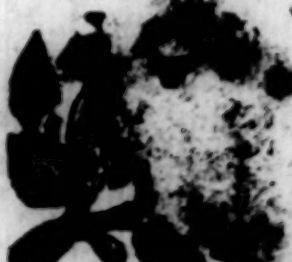
to the great Regret of those faithful Savages. At length, Monneville and his Friend having re-embarked to return into France, are attacked and taken by the English, who carry them to Boston, in New-England. There they are sold as Slaves to a Captain, who buys them to sell again; but Beauchene and his Companions meet the Vessel of that Officer, make themselves Masters of it, and by that Monneville and the Chevalier are delivered from Slavery.

B O O K VI.

*He meets two English Vessels appointed to guard the Coasts, who take him Prisoner. To recover his Liberty he forms a Project, which fails of Success. He is put ashore with his Companions at the Foot of a Rock in the Desarts of Guinea, where they are left without Provisions, and without Arms. After running through a thousand Dangers, Beauchene, with two of his Companions, arrives at Cape Coast, where he falls again into the Hands of the Captain who took him before. He is
shut*

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*Shut up in a Dungeon, and afterwards
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of the Chevalier de Beauch
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panied by several other Privateers
commanded by Mons
go to ravage Mon
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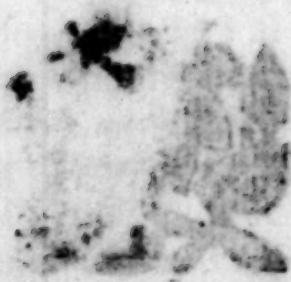


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VOL. II.

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UR Caravan made a Halt at *Bourg la Reine*, to put themselves into a proper marching Order. The Sun, which then began to rise, shewed me that I had for Associates two or three hundred Sharpers and Ladies of Pleasure, who were sent to reinforce the Colony of *New-France*. As we all went the Voyage with Regret, there reigned at first a general Sorrow among us; some cursing the Persons to whom they imputed their Misfortunes, and making the Air resound with their Cries and Lamentations; others, representing to themselves the Usefulness of Complaints, swallowed their Vexations in profound Silence; but insensibly, and by Degrees, they began to make a Virtue of Necessity, and soon after Songs and Laughter drove away all their melancholly Ideas.

There was in the *Car*, I had almost said the Coach, in which I was, fourteen Women and a young Man, who entertained them infinitely by a thousand Rallies that he made with the gayest Air. An Abbe who is going to take Possession of a rich Abbacy could not express more Joy. We were all surprized at so ill-timed a Gaiety; he perceived it, and said to us,—By the frequent Burst of Laughter that escape me, you take me for a Madman: Do me more Justice, if you please: When I reflect on the last Trick I play'd my most honoured Father, I cannot forbear shaking my Sides at his Expence,

I am the Son of a rich Bookseller in the *Rue St. Jaques*, who took effectual Care to spoil me in my Infancy; for at five Years old I laughed in his Face, if he pretended to give himself an Air of reprimanding me; and every Time that, in his Passion, he proceeded to Action with me, I never failed to throw as many Volumes into the Well as I had received Blows: I should tire you if I related all the malicious Tricks that I have play'd him. Judge of them by the
the

the Chevalier de Beauchene. 5

the Resolution he has now taken, to sacrifice an only Son to his Resentment at them; for I have neither Brother nor Sister, nor shall ever have according to all Appearances, for my Father and Mother are too old to revenge themselves of me in that manner.

To instruct you, pursued he, of what occasions my present Laughter, I must tell you, that these three Days my Father has kept his Shop shut up, and has got the Keys of the House in his own Possession, that I might not escape him. My Son, said he to me Yesterday in the Evening, with a wheedling perfidious Air, get yourself ready to go with me To-morrow Morning into the Country; I guessed that he had no good Intention, and that he designed to send me somewhere to do Pennance, but I did not expect to go so far to perform it. To render the Day of my Departure celebrated, and to engrave the Date of it in *Latin, Greek, and French*, whilst they imagined me in Bed, I slipped into the Warehouse, where seizing without Distinction the first Books that lay under my Hand, I tore out ten or

twelve Leaves at the Beginning of every one of them. How many Lawyers have I dismembered! how many Orators mutilated! how many Fathers of the Church have I left upon the Ground, with scarce the Face of a Christian amongst them! I spared nothing, Divinity, Physick, History, Poetry, Romances, all underwent the same Fate; and it is my thinking upon the Grimaces and Lamentations my Father is now making, that I laugh so heartily. I imagine I see him enter his Warehouse, which is now only an Hospital of Invalids, he considers the Ravage I have made, he examines the Wounded, and calculates, with Grief, the Expences it must cost for their Recovery. As to those that have long Prefaces, they would not be the worse if I had but left upon the first Page, their Name, their Age, and the Place of their Birth; but for want of that, these unhappy Martyrs of my Revenge must pass, as I shall do, for Adventurers, that have neither House nor Home, and belong to nobody.

The

The young Man here ceased to speak, to begin his Laughter again, in such a manner that we could none of us forbear joining with him in it. His Recital served as a Signal to the worthy Companions of my Journey to relate their Adventures; but every one endeavouring to speak the first, they altogether made a Noise equal to that of the *Pierides* after their Metamorphoses. I interrupted it all, to beg them to give me a Moment's Audience. Ladies, said I to them, I beg you would consider, that we are but two of us here to be your Auditors; we cannot at the same Time give the Attention you deserve to all of you. The Bookseller's Son joined himself to me, and we at length obtained of these virtuous Ladies that they should only speak in their Turns.

I then addressed myself to her who made the best Appearance, and desired her to begin; but she conjured us in so polite, and at the same Time so dejected a Manner, to excuse her, that we left her at her Liberty. 'Tis my Turn then, cries her next Neighbour, 'tis my Turn to captivate your Attentions; she

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had scarce finished these Words, before she began to relate her Exploits, with a Vivacity suitable to the Subject. She instructed us very finely, as well as her Companions, most of whom, to the Edification of the Public, had made every Year a Retreat of some Months, during which they joined, to a very negligent Dress, an austere Fast upon Bread and Water, with the hardest Labour of the Hands. These innocent Penitents treated as Venial Sins, and witty Stratagems, all the Faults they confessed they had done: To have emptied a Man's Pockets, turn'd him out naked into the Street in the Depth of Winter, or had him thrown out of the Windows; this, they called, teaching Fools to know the World.

This manner of Conversation I had every Day to undergo till we came to *Rockelle*, where we arrived very much fatigued with our uneasy Equipage. There, perceiving myself upon the Point of being embarked, I begged a Quarter of an Hour's Audience of the Captain of the Vessel. I hoped to excite his Pity by a Relation of the Injustice that
had

had been done me, and to render my Recital more touching, I propos'd to accompany it with the Offer of my Diamond; but, from my first Word apprehending that I design'd to tempt his Fidelity, he would not permit me to go on with the rest of my Harangue, the Conclusion of which, perhaps, might have been more agreeable to him than the Beginning. He stopp'd my Mouth, by telling me abruptly, that he would listen to me at the first Calm that overtook us; and that if I tired him by the Narration I had to make, I might depend upon being tied to a Cannon, and receiving a hundred Stripes. The fierce Behaviour of this Officer prevented me from wishing to offer him my Diamond. I fear'd lest he should refuse it, and that I might receive some rough Treatment for it from his brutal Integrity.

I lost all Hopes, therefore, of terminating my Voyage at *Rochelle*, and the Chagrin it gave me threw me into an Illness, out of which I should never have recovered, but by the Assistance of three Father *Recolets* who were in the Ship.

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One of them had already travelled into *Canada*, and had been Guardian of the Convent that those Religious have at *Quebec*, and he was conducting his two Companions thither for a Recruit to the Society. I informed him by what Adventure I found myself reduced to leave my Country against my Will; he pitied me, and afterwards exhorting me to harden myself against the Fate that persecuted me, he by Degrees inspired me with a Courage superior to my Ill-fortune. My Father, said I to him one Day, Thanks to your charitable Exhortations, I am prepared for the most fatal Events. Do not conceal from me, I conjure you, the Horror of the Destiny that attends these unhappy Wretches and myself; in what manner shall we be used when we are in *Canada*? I will inform you, replied he, since your Steadiness of Mind permits me to offer so melancholly a Picture to your View.

Out of all the Men that you have here, pursued he, they will chuse the most robust to hew Stones, fell down Woods, and break up and plow the Ground. Many of the rest will be sent into the
most

most distant Habitations, and by Consequence the nearest to the Savages, who often murder these unhappy Creatures for the least Subject of Complaint they imagine they have against them, or else set Fire to their Plantations. Joined to the Terror of being at the Mercy of the Savages, there is so great a Scarcity of every thing, that three Parts of the *French* who are sent to those Places perish with Hunger.

Before they distribute them into their Quarters, they take great Care to provide every Man his Mate; Celibacy being a real Crime of State in a Colony. The newly landed are obliged to marry upon their Arrival at *Quebec*, which is performed after the following manner: The Dame *Bourdon*, Directress of the House where the Women are placed who come from *Paris*, shares out the Wives as she pleases. Happy is the Bridegroom to whom she gives a Companion sound in Body and in Mind. However, to induce them to receive the nuptial Benediction without Repugnance, she always makes an Elogy to them of the Perfections of their destined Bride.

On

One of the two Companions of the Monk, burst into Laughter at this Part of his Discourse. To say the Truth, cried he, this is a most pleasant Policy ; I imagine I see a Broker, who by one Glance at the Shape of a Man who comes into his Warehouse, finds a Suit as fit as if it were made for him. Laugh as you please, replied the Guardian, what I tell you is literally true, and practised exactly there. The last time that I assisted at this Matrimonial Ceremony, of which I was the Minister, there presented himself a little comical Figure of a Man, who desired the Dame *Bourdon* to shew him her Merchandize, as he called it, that he might chuse himself a Wife, since it was a Moveable that he must burden himself with. The Directress answered him in the same Tone, My Friend, it is not the Custom here to chuse thus ; besides, I have Goods of a very deceitful Appearance, and you may be catched by them ; rather leave the Thing to me, I shall know better than you do, what will be suitable for you, when you have told me who you are, and what you can do.

I am

I am a Taylor at your Service, Madam, said he, I am sent about seventy Leagues from hence to a Canton where there is not one of my Profession, as they tell me. I cannot fail of raising my Fortune there; therefore, Madam, I beg you will consider it. You see I shall not make a Wife unhappy. I should like one that was sedentary, that would get my Provisions ready for me, and help me a little in my Profession. I can do your Business for you, Child, replied the Dame *Bourdon*. I will match thee with a Girl that can work and embroider to Perfection. She is a great Workwoman, handy, neat, entertaining, and shaped like an Angel. I am glad I can make thee so happy, for thy Countenance pleases me.

After having spoke in this Manner, the Directress went to fetch the Bride; and during that Time I exhorted the little Taylor not to marry only with a View of obeying the Laws, but with a Regard to his Consolation and Assistance in his Establishment. I recommended to him above all, to bring up his Children in the Fear of the Lord, and held all

all the Discourses to him that it was my Power to use upon that Occasion. The Dame *Bourdon* returned some Moments afterwards with a tall large Woman, who had upon her Head a Hood which half covered her Face. We entered all four into the Chappel, where the Directores desired me to place the Woman on the Right-hand, which I did without demanding the Reason of this Novelty. But in the Middle of the Ceremony, having cast my Eyes upon the Bride, I perceived that she had but one Eye, which was the Left, and that in the Place of the Right she had a Plaister, which she concealed artfully from the curious Looks of her Bridegroom.

I, confess to you, added the Guardian, that I could scarce maintain my Gravity. When the Ceremony was finished, the Dame *Bourdon* made the two Spouses sign the Billet of their Engagement, of which she kept a Duplicate, and conducted them to the Door, where having delivered the new Bride her Dowry*, which was no great Burden,

* Fifty *Livres* which the King orders to be given them, which is about 3*l.* 15*s.*

den, she left these two Turtles at liberty to go where they thought proper. Afterwards returning to me, Ah! my Father, said she to me, I have made a glorious Marriage. I was strangely embarrassed with that Creature. She was a perfect Devil, and put every thing into disorder here. If I had given her a Husband of her own Size, they would always have been in Arms; but the Taylor wont dare to breathe before his Wife, when once he knows what Metal she is made of. Besides, they may produce Children between them both that may be of a reasonable Size. Another Happiness will be, that he has a robust Wife that will grub up the Land, and hoe, and plant, that they may have something to live upon; for the little good Man is strangely mistaken, if he fancies when he arrives where he is sent, that he shall find his Dinner ready, and that he has nothing to do but to cross his Legs upon his Shop-board. He will have little Custom, I can answer for that.

This Discourse of the Father Guardian infinitely diverted his two Companions.

nions. I laugh'd at it also, but it was but a forced Laugh ; I looked with Horror upon such a Destiny, and shewed plainly enough that I should not behave very well to a Wife given me by the Dame *Bourdon*. The Guardian perceived my Thoughts, and said to me, Don't afflict yourself, Monsieur, your Person and Behaviour deserve to be otherwise treated, and I shall easily prevent you from being reduced to that. Your Air and Manner distinguish you strongly from the Vagabonds amongst whom you have the Misfortune to be confounded ; and who, almost all of them, bear engraved in their Faces the Crimes they come to expiate in *Canada*. You may be assured that you shall be received into our Order with open Arms. If you take that Resolution, you will see that we are more considered there than in *Europe*. If the Monastick State is absolutely unsuitable to you, you have had a good Education, you write well, you shall not need to quit the Town of *Quebec*, if you chuse to stay there. I am persuaded I shall be able to procure you an Employment.

I thanked this charitable Father for his Goodness ; and depending upon the Friendship that he testified to me, I felt myself consoled. The three *Recolets* took care to say Mass very frequently ; and as the Chaplain's utmost Learning was to be able to read, the Reverend Father Guardian preached to the Ship's Company upon all Sundays and Holidays. Yet, though his Sermons were very pathetick, they made no great Impression upon the Hearers. There were some Irregularities in the Vessel ; and these Irregularities were augmented every Day by the Indiscretion of the Officers, who made themselves a little too familiar with our fair *Parisians*. The Sailors followed their Example. There was not so much as a Cabbin-Boy, who did not think they had a Right to make them pay for their Passage. However, the Captain fearing the Reproaches of the Court, more than those of his Conscience, undertook to confine his Nymphs ; but it was very difficult to prevent so many *Halcyons* from making their Nests upon the Waves.

By

By my Talent for Musick I acquired the Favour of some of the Officers, who understood it a little. This put me more at my Ease, I had a better Bed, was better fed, and had more Liberty. The Monks all felicitated me upon it, except the Father Guardian, who not wishing that I should have any Intimacy but with him, said to me one Day in private, that he advised me as a Friend not to have too much Commerce with the Officers of the Ship, and to be very reserved with them, because, he said, their Behaviour would inevitably corrupt my Manners. So, so, said I to myself, after having listened to him with Attention, the Reverend Father seems fully resolved to wheedle me into his Convent; the Offers of Service that he made me, had they no other Design than to make me take up his Yoke quietly, the Remedy would be worse than the Disease; and if I must be in Slavery, I shall chuse that which may come to an End.

There was in the Vessel another Person who shared the Favours of this pious Religious along with me. This
was

was a young Woman of four or five and twenty, who distinguished herself by a modest and genteel Behaviour. She appeared plunged in a Melancholly which nothing could dissipate; and she had but too much Reason to deplore her Misfortunes, having been embarked with us by Surprize the Day before our Departure. I had been struck as much as the Monk with her reserved Air; and when I had an Opportunity of conversing with her, I found Sentiments in her that prejudiced me in Favour of her Birth, which she concealed with the utmost Care.

Mademoiselle, said I to her one Day, in the Presence of the Father Guardian, do you know the happy Fate that attends us? Have you been told, that we are here as in the Ark of *Noah*, and that we must not go from hence but in Pairs, to be scattered abroad, and multiply upon the Face of the Earth? They will give a Wife to me that I have never seen; and you will be given up in the same manner to an unknown Bridegroom. The Religious then taking up the Discourse, related to her what he had before told me,

me, of the Necessity and the Manner of celebrating this Marriage, *sans ceremonie*. The young Woman, whilst he spoke, lifted up her Eyes to Heaven, and, without speaking, sufficiently testified the Dislike she had for such an Union. Well, Mademoiselle, said I to her, when the Father had finished his Discourse, what do you think of all this? Don't we both live in a very agreeable Expectation? If a mutual Consent is necessary to this Marriage, replied she, I can assure you they shall not easily force it from me. They shall rather take away my Life than oblige me to become the Wife of a Carpenter or a Bricklayer. Upon this the Monk pressed her to inform us of her Family, but she refused to satisfy his Curiosity.

The Dread she had of falling into the Hands of a Man of the most abject Condition excited my Pity, and made me think upon a Method of quieting her Mind upon that Subject: I did not consider long, a Thought came into my Head, which I communicated to her as soon as I could speak to her without being overheard. I asked her, if, to pre-
serve

serve both our Liberties, she did not think it might be proper, upon Occasion, for us to declare that we were married together. I added, that I was promised a Settlement in the Town of *Quebec*, which I judged would be a Pleasure to her, since it would be in my Power by that to prevent her from being exiled into the desert and uninhabited Part of the Country. She told me, that by preserving her from the Horrors that had been represented to her, I had saved her Life; that I need only compose a Fable of our pretended Marriage, and give it to her, and that she would get it so thoroughly by Heart, that she should make no Hesitation in her Answers when they came to interrogate her.

This Expedient appeared good, and even necessary to me; I immediately set to work upon the Romance of our Amours, our Marriage, and our Exile. I kept one Copy of it myself, and conveyed the other privately into her Hands; but her Memory had no Occasion to be burthen'd with these Inventions, for as soon as I had informed the Reverend Father Guardian, that this young Person
and

and myself were two unfortunate Spouses, persecuted by Fortune, that good Religious, believing me upon my bare Word, generously granted us his Protection, and promised to do us Service; which delivered me from the Error I had been in, that his Reverence had only endeavoured to free me from the Misery of my present Situation, in order to subject me to that of a monastick Life.

After a Navigation more fortunate than a Vessel so loaded with Iniquities as ours was could deserve, we arrived at *Quebec* in the Beginning of *November*, 1690. If we had enter'd the River *St. Lawrence* eight Days sooner, we should have been taken by the *English* Admiral *Phipps*, who came with a Fleet of near forty Sail, to make an Attempt upon this Capital of *Canada*, tho' without Success: He lost a great Number of Men, and left several Pieces of Cannon, which served to celebrate his Departure in the Rejoicings that were made some few Days after.

Monfieur *de Longueil*, who is doubtless well known to the Chevalier *de Beau-
chene*,

ebene, and who without dispute is one of the bravest of our Sea Officers, had great Occasion to return Thanks in particular. The Adventure was singular: Monsieur *de Longueil* in the Action received a Musket-shot, the Ball struck upon his Powder Horn and cracked it. He put his Hand to it immediately to take out some Powder to shoot again, and at the same Instant a second Ball hit directly upon the very Place, broke it entirely to pieces, and he escaped with only a slight Contusion.

Upon my Arrival at *Quebec*, I found the Father Guardian had not falsely assured me that he would procure me to be distinguished from the Multitude. I found myself in the Enjoyment of a perfect Freedom, as well as the Person who passed for my Wife, and whom for the future I shall call *Mademoiselle du Clos*, being the Name under which she was placed upon the List. This worthy Religious did not stop here; with a common *Adresse*, only signed by the Hand of his Reverence, we were well received and handsomely lodged in the House of a rich Merchant, near the principal

principal Church, which is dedicated to our Lady. The Merchant took down our Travelling Names, and made use of them to sign our Arrival, for the Discharge of the Captain of the Vessel, upon the scandalous List, otherwise called the Register of the Names of the Vagabonds sent to inhabit in *New-France*.

The Fear of a great Evil leaves us no room to think of small Inconveniences: Mademoiselle *du Clos*, now she was freed from the dreadful Marriages, the very Idea of which had made her tremble, found herself much embarrassed when it was Time for us to retire to Sleep; so that when I entered the Chamber which was destined for us, and where she had retired before me, I found her all in Tears, and in as much Affliction as if she had been married to the Bricklayer or Carpenter she had talked off. Go to Bed, Monsieur, said she to me, I design to sit up all Night. No, Mademoiselle, replied I, this Bed shall not be for me, you shall repose in it if you please, Your Terrors offend me. I am a Man of Honour, and an honest
Man,

Man, and did not invent the Fable of our Marriage, to profit by it in the unworthy Manner you seem to apprehend.

In effect, I felt a Respect for her, inspired by her noble and reserved Mein, that hindered me from forming the least Thought of abusing the unhappy Situation she was reduced to. At length I harangued her so strenuously, that I reassured her. I obliged her to go to Bed, after having taken one of her Mattresses which I spread upon the Ground, and upon which I laid in my Cloaths. We were scarce risen the next Morning before our Patron came to see us, though his Convent was at a considerable Distance from the great Church: He desired us not to be uneasy, and assured us again that he would take care of our Establishment. He paid a thousand Civilities both to Mademoiselle *du Clos*, and to me. How uncharitable and how distrustful is the Heart of Man, and to what unworthy Views had not I the Weakness to attribute the Kindness that this holy Religious expressed to us! But indeed in a few Days after I did him more Justice.

He came again to see us. He was accompanied by Monsieur *de la Valiere*, Captain of the Guards to Monsieur *de Frontenac*, and he informed us, that at the Recommendation of this worthy Friend he had just obtained for me a Post, which was considerable in relation to its Situation for Trade. There is but a small Pay attached to this Employment, added he; but it takes in the Functions of five or six Places at once. In the first place, you will be Cashier in a Fort near the Frontiers of the *Hurons*, where you will have about a dozen Soldiers to pay, who compose the whole Garrison. You will have the Direction of their Magazines, which you are always to keep in Order, in case of an Attack from the Savages. You will be also charged with receiving the Contingencies that the Masters of the Habitations, near the Fort, are to furnish. And, besides all this, you must take care to keep up the greatest Intimacy with the Savages of the Frontier, to dispose them by degrees to submit amicably to the *French* Government.

Being

Being unwilling that Mademoiselle *du Clos* should expend a small Sum of Money which she had with her, and having several necessary Provisions to make for us, I desired our Host to procure me some Money upon my Ring. To this end he conducted me to a rich Trader, who was at once a Goldsmith, a Jeweller, and an Ironmonger, and who immediately very handsomely offered me a hundred Pistoles upon my Diamond, which I accepted, telling him, in the Presence of my Host, and of several other Persons who were there, that if I perished in the Place where I was sent, I desired him to give the Remainder of the Value of my Diamond, or the Diamond itself, in Case I left enough to pay him what he had lent me upon it, to the Reverend Father Guardian of the *Recolets* in that City.

With the Money that I received I bought those Things that were absolutely necessary for us, and a Watch to make a Present of to our Benefactor. The Evening before our Departure, this good Father carried me to the Governor, who had his Residence at one End of

the City, in the Fort *St. Louis*. I received my Instructions there, with an Order to depart immediately ; which I did the Day following under the Escort of five Soldiers, who were given to my Conduct in order to reimplace the same Number who had deserted from the Fort where I was going, and were gone amongst the Savages.

The Reverend Father, to compleat his Generosity, regulated all our Affairs himself, and would see us depart. We were then fully convinced that in obliging us he had listened only to the Dictates of his own good Heart, and to the Voice of Humanity and Christian Charity, since upon his quitting us, perhaps for ever, he redoubled his Benefits. He forbid our Host to accept the least Trifle from us, and refused the Watch that I offered him. I don't doubt of your Gratitude, said he to us, therefore I have no need that you should give me Proofs of it. All that I exact of you is, that you always live in the Fear of God, who will never abandon you so long as you serve him faithfully. After a short Exhortation upon this Subject, he
left

left us so touched with his Friendship to us, his Liberality and his Virtue, that we had scarce the Power to bid him Adieu.

How great are the Transports they feel who do good to the Unfortunate! The Satisfaction that they enjoy, even in this Life, is preferable to all the Pleasures the World can offer. The Lot of this holy Man appeared to me then, more worthy of Envy than all the Grandeur of the Earth; doubtless we found ourselves less happy by receiving so many Services from him in such pressing Necessity, than he did in being able to do them for us.

We had not been above two Hours embarked and departed from *Quebec*, when Mademoiselle *du Clos* perceiving my *Adresse* upon two Valises that were in the Canoe, said to me: I suppose it was the Keys of those Valises that you had forgot, and that the Reverend Father gave me as he was departing. I know nothing, replied I, either of the Valises or the Keys. Mademoiselle *du Clos* immediately took the Keys and

opened the Valises. They were full of all Manner of Linnen that could be necessary for us. We were struck speechless at the Sight, and when we had recover'd ourselves we returned innumerable Thanks to that Providence which had thrown into our Way so charitable a Man.

We had for our Guides two Sailors of the Lower Town, who were married. They generally chuse to make use of those, because the Desire of returning to their Wives and their Children, makes them acquit themselves more punctually of these dangerous Commissions. Assisted by the Soldiers, who had Orders to help them in going up the River, they easily carried us in Canoes as far as *Montreal*; but after that, upon account of the rapid Falls and Cataracts, we were often obliged to go on Foot, and sometimes by Ways almost unpassable, where Mademoiselle *du Clos* gave us great Fatigue. I confess to you, that I then repented more than once that I had said she was my Wife.

I imagine she perceived it; for notwithstanding the Complaisance I always expressed

expressed to her, I saw that her Melancholly sunk her still more than the Fatigues of her Journey; and that in her Behaviour to me, Respect and Timidity began to succeed the easy Air she had with me before. I exhorted her twenty times a Day to take Courage, and be in Hopes of soon arriving at the End of our Journey; but as one Evening, when she appeared more dejected than ordinary, I began to make some Reproaches upon the Change of her Behaviour to me; Ah! Monsieur, said she, melting into Tears, why will you oppose my Grief? When I have sunk it, will it not be more happy for you? Your greatest Embarrass, your greatest Expence is now for me; for an unhappy Wretch who has done nothing for you, whom you don't yet know, and who only deserves your Compassion by being miserable. 'Tis too much, Monsieur, added she; think of yourself, and abandon me to my Misfortunes: Leave me at the first Habitation that we shall meet with; I will pass my Life there in a State of Servitude, if Heaven is so irritated against me as to suffer me still to live in so much Misery.

Our Misfortunes, replied I, began at the same Time, and we ought to think ourselves engaged to undergo the same Fortune. Though we are not united by the Ties of Marriage, I regard you as a Wife, I have attached my Fate to your's, your Sorrows are become my own. It was the Confidence you had in me that exposed you to Fatigues so unsuitable to your Sex. I feel myself so moved with your Tears, that I now even wish to bear them for you ; and only would share the agreeable Part of my Fortune with you. Look upon me therefore as a Brother, to whom your Assistance will soon become necessary.

I comforted her by these Discourses, and others of the same Nature. Together with Hope she recover'd Strength, and follow'd me with much more Ease. Our Soldiers kill'd upon the Route some *Orignacs*, or Elks, the Flesh of which our Guides liked extremely, but we thought it detestable. These are wild Deer, the Skins of which are Part of the Commerce the *French* hold with the Savages ; and as it is sometimes colder in *Canada*, than one would imagine from
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the Climate, in some Cantons they make Cloaths of them that are very useful to the People; tho' the Commerce for them is not so extensive, nor so sought after as that of the Castors Skins.

We lived upon what we got by Hunting, the Habitations that we met upon our Route being only miserable Huts, the Inhabitants of which had nothing to give us but Roots, and wretched *Sagamite*, or boil'd *Indian* Corn, for the greatest Part of those Lands are not so proper for the Produce of Wheat as of other Grain. However, after having passed numberless Lakes, Rivers, and Forests, we at length discovered the so long-wish'd-for Fort. Tho' it was in no very good Condition, and had more the Air of a Redoubt than of a Fort, yet we thought it a noble large Citadel in Comparison of those Rat-Holes in which we had lodged upon our Route.

The Letters of the Governor which I was charged with, made me be received there like a General Officer. The Widow of my Predecessor yielded up her little Apartment to me ready-furnished,
and

and taking us as Boarders for a very Trifle, the poor Creature was more our Servant than our Hostess. However, her Company became very useful to Mademoiselle *du Clos*, who lay with the good Woman, from whom she learned in a little Time the Language of the *Hurons*, who were the nearest Savages. The first Thing that I did was to visit the Place, which I had examined thoroughly in less than a Quarter of an Hour. It was a miserable Hole, and all the Advantages of its Situation would not have stopped a Company of Dragoons in *Europe* longer than a Windmill, yet was it enough to command the Savages, and repulse their Arrows.

The Captain, or Commandant of this Fort, was an old Native of *St. Maloes*, or as they term them a *Malouin*, who for some Fault against Military Discipline, which he had committed on board the Ship where he was an Officer, had been set ashore, with only his Sword, upon the Coasts of *New-England*. He had wandered in those Provinces for some Time, and afterwards having join'd the *Iroquese*, whom he had taught to make them-

themselves Bucklers with the Skins of the *Orignacs*, that were Proof against Fire-Arms, he had several Times assisted them to beat the *French*; but after this, repenting of his making War upon his own Nation, he re-entered into the Service of *France*, and accepted of an advantageous Proposal that was made to him, to take him from the Savages.

This Officer and I soon became Friends. He associated me into the Commerce he carried on at *Quebec*, where he sent Furs of the Castors and the *Orignacs*, which the Savages furnished him with, in Return for Cutlers Wares, Brandy, and Wines. He very often carried us to a Habitation he had formed about half a League from the Fort, and from whence he began to receive a considerable Profit. He had caused above three hundred Acres of Land to be cleared and cultivated, which in that Place was a better Soil than the rest of the Country. The Wheat which it produced was excellent; he sold a Part of it, we consumed the rest at the Fort, and filled our small Magazine with it.

Made-

Mademoiselle *du Clos*, who had a lively Genius, fertile in Expedients, advised him to make a little *Gonnesse* * of his Habitation, by making Bread in it for the *French* in the Neighbourhood, who, for want of understanding how to bake it, eat less Bread than they did Roots and Flesh. This Advice appeared very reasonable to the old *Malouin*, who desired her and our Hostess to take upon themselves the Execution of this Project. They immediately set to work upon the Flour, and the first Baking answer'd our Expectations so well, that we were obliged to augment our Quantity of Loaves every Day. A great Number of idle Fellows, who were half-starved, finding that they might have Bread ready-bak'd in Return for Castors and Elks Skins, took to hunting them, that they might come to our Habitation as to a Market, where they could procure themselves so necessary a Provision. In six Months Time we had so much Custom, that we received a hundred Skins in a Week; and if, together with this, we could have pro-

* A small Village near *Paris*, famous for the Excellence of its Bread, with which it supplies that City.

procured as much Wine and Brandy from *Quebec* as we could have disposed of, we should have raised a considerable Fortune.

But the lively and enterprising Genius of Mademoiselle *du Clos* did not permit us to continue our Commerce ; she was meditating an important Design, which she made a Mystery of to me. Our Hostess sometimes carried her to the Land of the *Hurons*, whose first Huts were not a Day's Journey from our Habitation, and they went there to exchange Household Utensils for Furs. Mademoiselle *du Clos* took a Pleasure in passing three or four Days with these Savages ; what the Widow had taught her of the Language being sufficient to make her understood by them. She taught them the Uses they were to make of the Things she brought to them ; and as she always told them what contributed to make their Lives more pleasant, they listened to her with the greatest Attention. At length, she had the Address to gain their Confidence to such a Degree, that once, after having remained a Fortnight with them in their Huts, she returned

turned to us with two Daughters of one of the most principal *Hurons*, who had trusted them to her Care, to instruct them in the *European* Manner of providing every thing necessary in the Family, in which they succeeded amazingly.

It was in this manner that, to prevent her being any longer a Burden to me, Mademoiselle *du Clos* was preparing herself a Retreat, which was the more honourable, as it was the Work of her own Ingenuity and natural Eloquence. The Reputation of her Merit, and of her Love to the *Hurons*, was spread abroad amongst that People, and made so lively an Impression upon their innocent Minds, that the Chiefs of the Village, when she went there to conduct her two Disciples home, after an Education of six Months, assembled together, and constrained her to become their *Sakgame*, or Sovereign.

She employed the first Months of her little Sovereignty in penetrating into the Dispositions of her Subjects; and when she had Reason to think that she might depend upon their Attachment and Fidelity,

deliny, she writ a long Letter to me, the Substance of which was; that she thought it was not in her Power to find a better Method of proving her Gratitude to me, than by putting herself in a Condition to be no longer a Burden to me; and that this Scheme had now succeeded so well, that she hoped she should very soon be able to convince me that Ingratitude never had a Place in her Heart. After many more Compliments than I deserved, she desired me for the future to give her People, in Exchange for their Furs, as many Kettles and Kitchen Utensils as I could, and a large Quantity of Fire-Arms. She afterwards demanded of me, for herself, some Bushels of Wheat, with some Seeds of Hemp, Flax, and several Kinds of Roots, sending me at the same Time a Present of a very considerable Quantity of Skins, amongst which there were several of the white Castor, which are the most valuable, and the scarcest. I performed her Commission very exactly, and joined to the Things which she expected from me some Barrels of Brandy, the Distribution of which, I doubt not, gained her many Hearts; for any thing may be done with

with these People by the Help of strong Liquors.

My Associate, the Captain of the Fort, lost considerably by the Departure of Mademoiselle *du Clos*, who in the little Time that she had had the Management of his Habitation, had entirely changed the Face of it; therefore, he would have engaged me to go and reclaim my Wife, and rather demand her by the Sound of Muskets, than abandon her thus to the *Hurons*; but if she had been in reality my Wife, I should not have been so foolish as to act the *Mene-laüs*, a Part which now would find but few Imitators.

Having no longer Mademoiselle *du Clos*, I became less useful to my Associate, who soon made me sensible that he desired to break the Partnership. I consented to it haughtily, tho' embarrassed enough what Method I should make use of to trade upon my own Account. I had Recourse to the Reverend Father *Recolet*, my Protector, who also did me the Service of buying at *Quebec* my *European* Merchandize, which
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he sent to me at the Fort, in Exchange for my Furs. I had soon Reason to be glad that he had broke our Association, for the *Sakgame* took care to address her Savages to me, who soon made me abound with all manner of Skins.

The Jealousy that the Captain of the Fort conceived at this had almost proved my Ruin: He was sensible of the Mistake he had committed, and far from endeavouring to repair it by Advances of Civility, which would infallibly have reconciled us, he began by endeavouring to disappoint me, by preventing me from sending any more Fire-Arms, under the Pretext that the *Hurons* might perhaps in time make use of them against us. I reproached him with this Behaviour, and he made a Jest of what I said. I gave Advice of it to Mademoiselle *du Clos*, who knew better how to punish him than I did. By the first Caravan which brought us Skins, she did not fail to send a Demand for Fire-Arms. I answered, for my Part, that I had none came to me, tho' I demanded them preferably to any thing else. The *Malouin* did not answer the Savages so complaisantly,

ly, he told them roughly, that they had been furnished with enough of them, and they must expect no more. The *Hurons*, at this Answer, immediately reloaded their Merchandize upon their Canoes, and carried them back again, where they kept them till it was a proper Time to join the Body of their Nation, who once every Year carry their Furs to *Montreal*, in two or three hundred Canoes, together with the *Atabouets*, and other Nations.

The *Malouin* suspected me to be an Accomplice in this Business, and harbouring no Scruples as to the manner of revenging himself, it was in vain for me to be upon my Guard, for it had almost cost me my Life. He invited me one Day to eat of a Root, that I took for a Trifflue; he seemed to eat of it first, and praised the Goodness of it extremely: I was the Dupe of his Praises, and I must have died at the Table, if a Soldier, who was present, and who knew the Remedy I stood in need of, had not immediately given it both to me and to that Traitor, who copied perfectly well all the Contortions which
that

that venomous Fruit made me fall into; all the Difference there was between the Captain and me was, that the Poison swell'd me in a manner that it surpass'd his Talent of Imitation.

The dreadful War that *Lewis XIV.* had then upon his Hands had an Influence over us, for it interrupted our Commerce, and we remained entirely out of Business. Those who possessed Habitations occupied themselves in rendering them more convenient, and more agreeable; this inspired me with a Desire of having one, tho' I had no Intention to stay in this Country any longer than to amass wherewithal to live handsomely in *Europe*. The Ground that I chose, and which was granted to me, upon the Condition of a small Acknowledgment, which I paid according to the Custom, was of no large Extent. It was situated between a Hill, that bounded a Forest of exceeding high Trees, and a little Brook, that run into the River *St. Lawrence*, between the Lake *Ontario* and *Montreal*. Besides the Beauty of the Place, I saw a Mile from thence there were six or seven *French* Families established,

lished, whose Neighbourhood I judged would be very useful to me, which made me prefer this Spot to any other.

I discovered afterwards that my Neighbours were good Protestants, who did not desire to appear so; about thirty Years before, their Parents having been forced to seek a distant Retreat, had refused themselves there with great Riches. They were also very commodiously lodged, and each of their Houses, in the Incurfions of the Savages, was much safer than even our Fort. What made this Residence entirely agreeable, and delivered it from all Fears of an Insult, was, that six or seven hundred *French*, who were dispersed in those Parts, made it their common Asylum. I found there several young People, with whom I passed my Time in Hunting and Fishing, when I was not busied in Planting, or Sowing, or looking after my Buildings; these were my Occupations for two or three Years; and I never went to the Fort, but when I was obliged to it, in order to acquit myself of the Duties of my Employment.

Our

Our River furnished us with excellent Fish, and in great Abundance. We had several Kinds of Birds, and in particular a great Quantity of Bustards. Our Chace supplied our Kitchens with Provisions, and our Magazines with Furs. The neighbouring Woods were full of Wild-Deer, not so large, but much finer than those of *Europe*. I may say, that I was planted there in the Land of Promise.

Whilst I lived in this manner at my Country-Seat, I received only two or three Letters from Mademoiselle *du Clos*, because the *Hurons*, dreading lest she should leave them, had conjured her to quit our Frontiers, and establish her Residence in the Center of their Habitations. She sent me Word, in her last Letter, that she should be charm'd to see me, and that if I would do her the Pleasure to come and pass some Days with her, her Messengers could conduct me by Ways much more practicable and easy than those we had travelled together. One of the young Neighbours of my Habitation, to whom I communicated this Letter, seeing me resolute upon the Journey, pressed me so strongly to make it, and to
carry

carry him along with me, that he determined me to take it. I promised him to depart after I had been at the Fort, where I was willing to shew myself before I went.

One of the Messengers of *Mademoiselle du Clos*, dispatching himself from the rest to carry her the News of my speedy Departure for her Court, made such extraordinary Haste, that in the second Day of our March, tho' we had above sixty Leagues to go, we met an Escort which he brought to meet us, and who conducted us more like Ambassadors than private Men. I no longer doubted then but she had acquired a great Authority over this People. I was amazed at it, but my Astonishment augmented still more, when I approached the Place of her Residence.

I perceived cultivated Plains, Huts solidly built, Villages peopled with Men of different Professions. This prudent and politic Sovereign had re-assembled all the *French* Prisoners that she could find amongst the Savages, whom those People sometimes kept to learn from them

them the Art of making War; and all the Soldiers who had deserted to them, chusing rather their free Life than the Military Discipline of their own Nation.

The *Sakgame*, by the Help of these Strangers, had established a Kind of Schools, in which most of the *Hurons* exercised themselves, and succeeded perfectly in the Arts most useful to Society. About twenty Cabbins planted round that of their Sovereign, seemed in these Desarts rather a good Town than a Habitation of Savages. These Cabbins are very large, and contain each of them five or six Families, and each of those Families often consist of above two hundred People. As this Place might properly be called the Capital of the Country, nothing was wanting; and their Policy was such, that the Chiefs of all those Cabbins assembled every Day at the *Sakgame's* Court, to hold a Council with her upon what was necessary to be done for the public Good.

As the Friend of their Sovereign, I was received with astonishing Acclamations; they were in reality surprizing, and

and appeared more proper to terrify than to do Honour. The young Man who accompanied me, owned to me afterwards, that he was frighten'd, and that he imagined that these Savages were rejoicing together, by these Cries, for having got us into their Hands, and that they designed by our Deaths to declare War against the *French*.

The *Sakgame* had too much Prudence not to follow the Customs of her Subjects in Things that were indifferent. When we presented ourselves before her, we found her adorned with Rows of Beads, Bracelets, Feathers, and Furs. Nothing could have prevented us from laughing at this Oddness of Magnificence, but the serious and majestick Air that she put on. The Ancients of the Nation were on each Side of her, and preserved also a surprizing Gravity. They wear long Robes of Beaver Skins, which seemed to add a new Ridicule to their strange and grotesque Figures. We could not say of them what *Cineas* said to *Pyrrhus* of the *Roman* Senators. We should sooner have imagined them to be old Baboons, than Kings.

After

After the first Compliments and the *Huronick* Ceremonial, which the Sovereign observed very punctually, she addressed her Speech to me, and told me that she valued the Pains I had taken to come to see her there above all the Services that I had done her; that she desired me not to take it ill that for that Day, (on account of the particular Ceremonies which the Principals of the Nation would expect from her) she conformed to their Customs, and was under a Necessity of desiring us to oblige her therein; which we promised to execute very punctually. We then began the Feast by Smoaking, after having addressed these Words to the Sun; *Here, Sun, smoak*: For they dare not touch the *Calumet*, without having beforehand invited the Sun to smoak. But that Planet, as polite as the Savages, never accepts their Offer. It is not that they adore the Sun, or that they think it animated. It can scarce be said that they have the least Tincture of Religion; but they are very exact in following the Customs they have received from their Ancestors, and this is one of the most sacred.

We were very handsomely entertained in the *French* Manner ; we eat also, out of Complaisance, of several Meats prepared after the Mode of the *Hurons*. Their *Sakgamite* was much to my Taste, it is a Mixture very different from what we make of Wheat. The Ancients had no sooner their Portion in their *Ourgans*, or Porringers, than they began to eat, but with profound Silence. We were obliged to imitate them, that we might lend our Attention to a young Man who sung during the whole Repast, in order to oblige Mademoiselle *du Clos* ; for when they regale any Person, the Host sings in Praise of him, whatever he thinks proper ; and as she did not understand the Language so well as to be able to perform this Ceremony, it was concluded that one of her Domestick Officers should sing for her. I don't very well know what this Singer could say to our Honour and Glory. He praised us, I suppose, upon our Address in taking the Castors upon the Ice, or upon the Number of Enemies that we had killed and destroy'd.

I should be in the wrong to forget, that among the Meats which were serv'd up to us, there was one which my Companion and myself was not in the least inclined to taste; it was, nevertheless, the Dish of State; it was like the fatted Calf, by which they celebrated our Arrival; in fine, it was the delicious Morfel, the most valuable, and the most esteemed by them. This Dish never adorns their Table but upon great Festivals, and passes for the most shining Mark of Distinction that they can give to Guests worthy of their utmost Regard. In a word, this Dish, so curious and so distinguished from the rest, was an Animal named by them *Chacora*, and with us called a Dog, which they had caused to be roasted, that nothing might be wanting in the Splendor and Magnificence of the Banquet.

We lay in the Cabbin which was appointed for the *French* who resided there. I saw a Forge, a Carpenter's Workhouse, several Ovens for baking of Bread, and one for the making of Earthen Ware. They spread before us Sheets made in the *European* Manner,

upon Matts made of the Straw of *Indian* Corn, and covered with the curled Fleeces of the Wild-Bulls, which are as convenient at least as our Mattresses. The following Days we were not at our Liberty, being obliged to employ them in honouring by our Presence the Entertainments that the Ancients regal'd us with, by making the Youth of both Sexes dance before us, and some young Men perform the Military Exercise with their Fire-Arms, which they began to execute tolerably well.

They conducted us likewise in Ceremony to two Forts, which the prudent *Sakgame* had caused to be built near the Lake *Ontorio*, in two Defiles, thro' which the *Iroquese* were obliged to pass to attack them. These Forts, tho' designed and carried on by Soldiers who had no Knowledge of the Rules of Fortification, yet were regular enough according to the Ground, and so well situated, that they could only be approached in one Place, defended by two small Bastions, and pallisadoed with Poles of Twelve Feet high; the whole surrounded by a good Parapet, from whence a
hundred

hundred Men, under Cover, might repel a thousand, in a Country where they have not the Use of Cannon.

We perceived at the same Time Lands waving with Wheat, others with Maiz, Pease, Hemp, and all manner of useful Vegetables, and Hills entirely cultivated and loaded with Tobacco Plants. Here wild Vines loosed from the Trees round which they grew, and pruned after the manner of the *Europeans*, presented themselves to our View; there Nurseries, or rather Forests of young Chesnuts, Apples, and Walnut-Trees, struck our Eyes, and employed them agreeably.

I expressed my Surprise at this to Mademoiselle *du Clos*, who said to me, You see nothing yet, all this is only a Sketch of what I design to shew you; if you remain in this Country, and if *France* is as indifferent to you as it is to me, in ten Years you would see this Canton of my good Friends as beautiful as the most fertile of our Provinces. At these Words, turning towards the Chiefs of the Savages, she repeated to them, in their

Jargon, what she had said to me in *French*; to which they all answered by an Exclamation, which signified, *Ab! How well that is said!*

At length the good People left us at Liberty, after the *Sakgame* had desired them not to constrain themselves any longer, by accompanying us without being able to understand our Conversation. If the *French* Language was *Hebrew* to them, it was, however, very familiar to twelve young Maids, who surrounded their Sovereign, and composed a very amiable Court; particularly the two whom she had brought to our Habitation, who understood it perfectly, and taught it the Children of their Cabbin. Only one Thing scandalized us in the Behaviour of these Maids of Honour; there was something so very unreserved in their Manners to us, that they seemed to be making Love to us; what redoubled our Astonishment was, that Mademoiselle *du Clos*, who was a Witness of their Advances, far from being offended, appeared to authorize them. She laughed inwardly at our Surprise, and easily judging that we were curious to know
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the Cause of it, she told us, one Day as we were walking with her in an Isle equally fertile and agreeable, which her Engineer Soldier was fortifying in the only Place where it was not inaccessible.—

Confess the Truth to me, Gentlemen, said she to us, is not it true that you knew not what to think of the free Airs I let my Maids put on? Tho' I love them as much as a tender Mother loves her Children, yet I cannot think them worthy to be blamed for what they do; and I am satisfied that you will not condemn them any longer yourselves, when you are informed of the unhappy Situation to which my poor Savages are reduced: Would you believe that, of five or six thousand Persons, contained in the three Habitations which, as this, acknowledge me as *Sakgame*, and which is near a Third of the whole Nation of the *Hurons*, there are not actually four hundred Men capable of bearing Arms? Their Neighbours, the *Iroquese*, have destroyed three Quarters of the Nation, and deprived the other Quarter in the last War of its best Defence, I mean of

all the Youth proper to combat vigorously. Have not you remarked, that all the Men here are either under twenty, or above fifty, and that there is at least ten Times more Women than Men? Judge then, whether, in this Situation, my People are not interested in finding Methods to preserve their Country.

Besides, pursued the *Sakgame*, Marriage in this Country is not looked upon as an Engagement that fixes you forever. To-day they marry, To-morrow perhaps they part. If a Husband absents, his Wife takes another, whom she keeps till his Return. Does he come back? she turns him of the two off whom she likes the least. It is not, Gentlemen, added she smiling, that I exact from your Complaisance; that you should enter into the political Views of my Savages at the Expence of your Religion. I only relate this to you to justify the unreserved Procedure of my Female Attendants. I cannot, however, conceal from you, that the Chiefs of my Council are to conjure you not to disdain to take for Wives, during your Residence here, those who are most agreeable to you; if you grant
them

them that Favour, you will see those whom you chuse respected, beloved, and called the Supporters of the Nation.

The young Man who accompanied me in this Journey, and who was not very scrupulous in his Nature, appear'd something in Emotion at this Description, and penetrated with the Ravage that had been made in the Country by a Deluge of *Iroquese*, this new *Deucalion* would willingly have contributed to repair that Misfortune; but however willing he was to do good, I had Power enough over him to prevent him from being so charitable, by forcing him to reflect, that this Liberty of contracting Marriages of two Days would not excuse the Debauchery of it to the *French*.

In another Conversation which I had with Mademoiselle *du Clos*, I related to her the Difference I had with the Commandant of the Fort, the Danger I had run in eating with him, and gave her a Description of the Retreat that I had choose, to deliver myself from the Designs of that Officer. She, on her Side,

informed me of all that she had done since our Separation, and I admired her in all her Proceedings. If your People, said I to her, were a hundred Times more numerous than they are, they would not be less submissive to such a *Sakgame*. Effectively, her Policy in the least Trifles, her Prudence in not proposing any Charges but what were visibly useful in the Customs of her Country, her Address in preserving their Love, by following herself those Customs which she did not approve, provided that in themselves they were of no Consequence to the Happiness or Misery of these good Creatures; all this indicated a superior Genius, capable of every Thing.

I asked her once, why none of the *French* lodged at her Cabbin. I shall always, replied she, avoid having them about me, or even ever speaking to them in private; in the first Place, because I would no longer appear a *French* Woman, nor give the least Occasion for seditious Hints, to say that I have any Design of ever quitting this Country. The second Reason, which I am willing to own to you, tho' it gives me Pain, is, that

that I have much more Confidence in my own Subjects than in those of *Louis* the XIVth. No, *Monsieur le Gendre*, I should not sleep in such Tranquility as I do, if I knew myself at the Mercy of Persons who are continually guilty of Actions of Perfidy. It is not indeed very surprizing, since, if you except a small Number, the *French* who are sent into *Canada* are all Libertines, banished from their native Country as Disturbers of the publick Peace.

I must also tell you, added she, that I have conceived a Tenderness for my *Hurons*, which they highly deserve. You cannot imagine how many Tears, Sighs, and Groans a slight Indisposition cost them that I had some Time ago, whilst the *French*, who are in this Habitation, were very likely reckoning up what would be their Share of my Spoils. I am also very sensible of the Difference between their Behaviour. I use the *French* with Respect, because I stand in need of them; but as soon as I can do without them, I shall only keep three or four of them, whom I know to be Men of Honesty, and who are at present

sent useful to me as Counsellors, since they give their Opinions in my Council equally with the Ancients of the Nation. One of the principal is the Soldier, whom you saw occupied in fortifying the Island, which I intend to make a secure Asylum, in case of an Irruption from the *Iroquese*; the other is a very understanding Native of *Bretaigne*, by whose Advice we regulate ourselves as to improving the Country. The first is my Minister in the Affairs of War, and the other my Chancellor.

It was he who caused to be transplanted to this Place a great Quantity of wild Vines, which are found near the Lake *Ontorio*. He even caused such Abundance of Grapes to be gathered there, that he has procured a sufficient Provision of Wine; it is indeed so harsh a Wine, that it is not drinkable; but it is not the less useful to us, for we make Brandy of it, which supplies the Place of that which they used to receive from the Fort, before our Difference with the Commandant. My *Breton* assures me, that he can also draw off a Brandy from the Lees of Cyder, which he designs to make

make of the Fruits of several Thousands of Apple-Trees which we have, and of which he has chosen out the finest to graft upon good Kinds of Fruit, which he has sent in Search of as far as *Mont-real* and *Frontenac*.

This is not all, continued she ; before my Arrival those Women, who knew how to use a Distaff, made in that manner Cloaks, Cowls, Coverings for their Beds, and Lifts, in the Form of very short Petticoats, all with that beautiful Wool of the *Ciboulas*, or Wild-Bulls, which we have here ; but since I have obliged them to sow Hemp, which succeeds admirably in this Country, I have introduced the Use of Linnen, and there is no longer any Person in the Habitation but wears it, except the young Men, when they go to the Chace, especially that of the *Ciboulas* ; as they wander very distant then, and go far towards the South-West, they will not carry any Thing but their Arms.

If any Chagrin interrupts the Course of the Pleasure I take in contemplating my Work, it is that I see no Person whom

whom I can inspire with the same Attachment that I have for my Situation, and who might be capable of finishing the Completion of their Happiness, or at least preserving it after my Death, upon the same Footing that I shall leave it. This Reflection afflicts me the more, the more grateful my Savages shew themselves for the little I have done for them; their Probity, their Simplicity, the Goodness of their Hearts, render them so dear to me, that if I was separated from them, I should without any Hesitation quit my Family and Country to return to them again.

I am not the least astonished at your excessive Tenderness for them, interrupted I, in this Part of her Discourse; I am so thoroughly perswaded that it is pleasing, in whatever Part of the World it is, to be honoured and almost adored by a numerous People. I know not whether Self-love has not a Share in your Kindness for these humane People. You need not doubt it, returned Mademoiselle *du Clos*, it finds its Account perfectly here. I perceive with the highest Satisfaction the Respect and the
Love

Love they have for me. Imagine to yourself those despotick Authorities which make themselves be obeyed by a Look : Such is this of mine, and I may say still more agreeable, since it is founded not upon Fear, but wholly upon Affection.

I even remark continually, that they contrive every thing that may give me Pleasure ; and to conform themselves to my Manner of Behaviour, throw off their own. It was, for Example, a Custom established amongst them, to go into each other's Huts, and sit down in the first Place they come to, without saying a Word, or using the least Civility ; now, they salute one another by bowing the Head a little, and smiling, only because they observed that it was thus I behaved to them when they addressed themselves to me.

Those who approach me the least, and are at fifty or sixty Leagues distance from hence, name me no otherwise, than *The good Spirit, and the Friend of the Onuntio above*. They gave me this Name, because that seeing them docile in learning

learning the Knowledge of God, I have accustomed them not to begin any considerable Enterprize without lifting up their Eyes to Heaven, to demand the Assistance of the *Great Onuntio*, who made the Heavens, the Earth, the Sun, the Moon, and all the Stars; who created us to love and to adore him, and who will not have us do hurt to each other. This they observe now very religiously, both in my Presence and in my Absence; which shews how easy it would be to make them embrace Christianity, if the Missionaries, who undertake that Enterprize, had as much Prudence as they have Zeal for the Glory of God: But these new Apostles, looking upon themselves as Martyrs from the Moment they set their Foot in these Nations, and renouncing their Lives, in effect, take all the Measures possible to arrive at such Conclusion. Instead of appearing at first to desire only the temporal Good of the Savages, that they might lead them insensibly to the spiritual, they begin by declaiming against their Religion in Terms which terrify these Wretches, who imagine they are listening to Blasphemies;

phemies ; and by preaching to them the abstracted Truths of Religion, as if their rude Understandings could comprehend them. How should these material Auditors believe in such Mysteries ! They who can imagine no other Happiness in the Region of the Dead, according to their own Account, but that of feeling no Cold, finding the best Maiz there, Brandy as much as they please, Chaces, where the Game will come of itself to the Hunters, and have a most exquisite Flavour ; and to compleat their Happiness, an eternal Peace with the *French* and the *Iroquese* !

Yet, though my *Hurons* still think in this Manner, I do not believe that it is impossible to make real Christians of them. If you could procure me some able Missionary, who would not precipitate Things, do nothing of his own Head, and in a word follow my Counsels, I would preserve him from Martyrdom, and assist him to convert this Canton of Savages. This is what I desire you to inform the Father *Recolet*, our Protector, of ; and to instruct him at the same time, that I labour for the
Service

Service of God and that of the King, by my endeavouring at the Happiness of this People. Let that great Monarch only preserve them from the Fury of the *Iroquese*, and I will answer for the rest. Conjure his Reverence likewise, to spare no Pains in order to efface the ill Impressions that have been made upon the Mind of the Governor, by the Complaints of some Missionaries, in relation to the *Hurons*, whom they have endeavoured to represent as an inconstant Nation, perfidious and barbarous, only for having conducted themselves according to those Customs of their Nation, received from their Ancestors. The *Hurons*, say they, have killed, have eat the Prisoners, which they made when a Descent has been attempted upon their Coasts: They are therefore the most barbarous Savages, they are *Anthropophages*, they are Monsters. — Good God! could they do otherwise? let us judge of it without Prejudice.

They see arrive upon their Coasts Enemies, who to their Eyes appear entirely terrible, monstrous, supernatural, who have Thunder and Lightning
at

at their Disposal, and are almost invulnerable. How many Prodigies! How is it possible not to be terrified by them! If the *Hurons*, in defending their Lives, have the Happiness to seize upon one of these redoubtable Enemies, why are they not to kill them for their own Safety? It would be Imprudence to spare them. Yes, say they, but why then eat them? For what Reason would you not have them eat them? 'Tis their Custom to treat in this Manner all the Enemies they can take. Would you think a Shooter reasonable, who having never seen any but red Partridges, should not kill a grey one that came into his Canton? or that having killed it, and seeing it fat and good, should hide it in the Earth to perish, rather than eat it? We should never judge so rashly, if leaving off our Prejudices, we would put ourselves in the Place of those whose Judges we want to be.

If the People of this new World, preventing us in the Art of Navigation, had first come to make a Discovery upon our Coasts, what would they not have had to relate of *France* at their return

turn home? Having discovered an unknown Land to the North West, would they say, we resolved to land there in order to take possession of it in the Name of the Chief of our Nation, and to make our Gods be adored there. Some Fishers, whom we endeavoured to seize upon to inform ourselves of the Country, and of the People that inhabited it, having fled to a large neighbouring Habitation, these Barbarians, instead of offering us Tobacco and Maiz, or at least suffering us to hunt and take in Water, rained upon us a Storm of large round black Stones, which struck us down without our seeing the Hands that cast them at us. There was nothing but Smoak, Lightning, and dreadful Claps of Thunder. Those of our Company whom we had set ashore, finding themselves struck, and not knowing against whom to defend themselves, regained our Canoes and put off to Sea. Then several of these Savages came from under their Habitations, as the wild Beasts come out from their Dens when the Night approaches. They appeared to us to be entirely covered with Skins of different Colours, of an extraordinary

ordinary Figure, and dressed in such a Manner that one would imagine it must be painful for them to move. They examined with Attention our Dead extended upon the Shore, and instead of eating the new-killed Flesh, they covered it under the Earth ignominiously, despising it more than the *Orignacs*, or the meanest Beast of their Forests.

The Necessity of procuring Water and Provisions obliged us nevertheless to land at some Days Voyage from thence in a Place which seemed uninhabited, and where notwithstanding this we were immediately surrounded by Figures resembling the first, but less shy. We could only see their Faces and their Hands, the pale and livid Colour of which they have not Sense enough to hide, by covering it with the different Paintings which we know so well how to make use of. We presented to them the *Calumet of Peace*, and some of our finest Skins; after which they came up to us, speaking to us in an odd Language, of which we could not comprehend a Word. We made them, however, comprehend by our Signs, that
we

we stood in need of Water and Provisions: They brought us a kind of *Sakgamite* hard and baked, of which they eat themselves first, and which we thought tolerably good. They drank also before us of a prepared Water, whose Colour was suspicious to us. They brought it in little round Skins, which were hard, transparent, and very well wrought; but we durst not drink of it; and they were obliged to give us Water, with which we filled our Goatskins.

We remarked, during some Days that we staid to take Provisions, that these Savages had no Gods, at least we did not see that they had any to whom they did Homage. They have nevertheless a superstitious Veneration for Grasshoppers, Bats, and Lizards; for they several times prevented us from eating of them, and seemed to look upon us with Horror when we attempted it. It is probable also, that they believe that after this Life there is no other in the Country of the Dead; for when any one dies in their Cantons, though it is one of their Chiefs, they neither give him Maiz, nor Utensils, nor Arms, nor even

even Slaves to serve him in the other World.

We had Compassion upon the Blindness of these unhappy Wretches. We followed them one Day into a Place where they carried one of their Dead singing before him, and which we imagined to be a Temple. Our * *Piaces* advertised us to carry with us our great God *Vitzliputzli*, whom they shewed to them, exhorting them to acknowledge their Error, and profit by the Advantage they had of being able to cast their Eyes upon the greatest of the Gods; but far from prostrating themselves before him as our *Piaces*, and adoring him together with them, these impious Wretches had the Insolence to overthrow with a profane Hand this dreadful God, to break his Legs, and tear off his Wings: At this Spectacle, seized with a just Horror, the Priests of *Vitzliputzli* flew upon these infamous Men to revenge our God by their Death and the Pillage of the Temple; but, less strong than couragious, our *Piaces* were seized upon and closely bound; as
to

* Priests.

to us, having hastily regained our Canoes, we escaped from their furious Hands : But we had the Chagrin before our Departure, to see our terrible God devoured in the Flames, in the View of our little Fleet.

I ask you now, added Mademoiselle *du Clos*, if an *American* that made this Relation would be unreasonable ? No, certainly, replied I, you plead extremely well the Cause of your Savages. I am no longer surprized that you are pleased with being here : You are become entirely an *American*. You prefer this Habitation to *Paris*, your Cabbin to the *Louvre*, and the *Hurons* to the *French*. You say too much, returned she ; that would be preferring the rough Diamond before the polished ; but at least this proves, that the Savages might think of the *French*, what the *French* now think of the Savages.

The *Sakgame* here ceased to speak ; to give her Time to take Breath I began her Elogium, like a Man enchanted with her Merit : Ah ! Mademoiselle, said I, in my Enthusiasm, what Family
has

has had the Misfortune to lose you, after having been so happy as to produce a Heroine, whose Name ought to become as celebrated as that of the greatest Conquerors? 'Tis that Name exactly, cried she, 'tis that Name alone which I would respect by my Silence, not to reveal the Shame which my Parents have covered themselves with by proscribing me with such Injustice. Mademoiselle, replied I, you quite raise my Curiosity by refusing now to satisfy it. Consider that the *Sakgame* of the *Hurons*, is not obliged to keep the Secrets of Mademoiselle *du Clos*. Besides, what have you to fear? Have I, without knowing it, rendered myself by any Indiscretion unworthy of your Confidence? No, replied she, I do not in the least distrust you, and I am willing to inform you of my Misfortunes; but content yourself with that. Do not endeavour to find out the Persons who have caused them; and promise me, that if ever you return into *France*, you will make no Steps to discover them.

I protested to her that her Desires should be a Law to me, and that she

might depend upon my Discretion: Well then, said she to me, you shall immediately hear Things that you will find difficult to believe. My Parents have behaved to me in a most surprizing Manner, which I will relate to you as succinctly as I can.

My Father was near Forty when he married my Mother, who was a young Person of Nobility equal to his own; but of a Humour as impatient and haughty, as he was flegmatick, plain and easy. You may judge by these Descriptions, that he had not a very despo-tick Power in his Family. They passed some Years without having any Children, and therefore the first who came into the World became their Idol; it was a Boy. I was born eighteen Months after him, and my Birth was followed three Years after by that of my second and last Brother.

The Preference that was given in every thing to the eldest Son over his Sister had its usual Effect; that is, that it made us dislike each other from our Infancy, and was the Occasion of my
Parents

Parents loving me much the less. I was but too sensible of it, though I was only a Child, and Jealousy seized so strongly upon me, that they were obliged to put me in a Convent, that they might have Peace at home.

I found myself amongst the Religieuses as if I was transported into another World. I should easily have forgot there that I had a Brother more beloved than myself; and should soon have extinguished all the weak Glimmerings of my newborn Jealousy, if they had not been rekindled every Moment by the indiscreet Kindness of a Woman who had been my Governess, and who came to see me very frequently. Her Imprudence entertained me wholly with the Happiness of my Brother; she exaggerated to me, all in Tears, the Respect that was shewn him; the large Quantity of Money he had at his Disposal; the Beauty of his Cloaths; and in fine, the Caresses he received every where; whilst I, entirely forgot in my Retreat, had nothing to distinguish me from the meanest Citizen's Child. She added to this, that they had resolved to make me

take the Veil, to leave my Brother the larger Fortune. These Discourses inspired me with a Horror for him, and for the Monastery.

Our youngest Brother, whom they designed for a **Chevalier de Malta*, and who was treated as ill as myself, had the same Resentment as soon as he was capable of feeling it. He came frequently to make me a Visit at the Grate: We united our Chagrins, and held our little Counsels together; the Result of which always was, that I should refuse the Habit of a Novice when they proposed to me to take it. My Mother, at length perceiving that they endeavoured in vain to conquer the Repugnance I expressed for that Condition, took me from the Convent, with an Intention of obliging me, by her ill Treatment, to desire myself that I might return thither again.

As prejudiced as I was against our elder Brother, upon my first coming home I endeavoured to gain his Friendship; but the Complaisance that he had been

* A Knight of *Malta*.

been used with, and the little Regard he saw expressed to us, had entirely spoiled his Mind. The haughty and despising Air with which he received my Advances, and my Civilities, shock'd me ; I complained of it to my Governor, and to my younger Brother, who were the only Persons to whom I could address my Complaints. They shared my Sorrows. The Chevalier particularly was penetrated with them. He sigh'd sometimes with Impatience to be of an Age to measure his Sword against that of his Domestick Enemy, and he would have been very capable of such an Action. One Day when the old Governor who educated them both, and who had no other Merit but that of having gained the good Graces of my Mother, by expressing a Fondness for her eldest Son, gave it against the youngest, in a little Dispute which happened between the two Brothers ; the Chevalier took Heaven to witness of the Injustice that was done him, and throwing himself upon the Governor with his Sword drawn, he would inevitably have stabb'd him, if his Sword had not been;

as those of Children usually are, blunt at the Point.

I was on my Side exposed to suffer all the Mortifications that my Mother could invent for me. If my Father did not hate me and my younger Brother, at least he had a perfect Indifference for us. Besides, of what use would have been his Kindness? The Husband was no more listen'd to than the Children. When Madam was in a Passion, he was not the Person who trembled least. If he took the Liberty to speak, it was to say, Madam is in the right; and he frequently received, for the return of his Complaisance, a concise Order to be silent, and wait till his Opinion was asked. There was nevertheless a Time in which he lost his Timidity; when he was filled with *Champaign*, Monsieur spoke as high as Madam; but his Courage evaporated with the Fumes of his Wine.

The Friendship that my Brother the Chevalier and I bore to each other displeased my Mother, who to take from us the Consolation we found in being afflicted

afflicted together, forbid us ever to see or to converse with one another in private. She was conscious that our Conversations turned upon the Chagrins that she gave us; and she imagined by this Injunction she should prevent the Plots that we might form against her Favourite. This Procedure served only to harden us the more against him, and taking care to hide our Cards, we began to do all the Harm we could to our common Enemy. We made use with Pleasure of every Opportunity that presented itself to play him a Trick. This darling spoilt Child in vain endeavoured to be careful of the rich Cloths with which he was adorned, they were never eight Days without being spotted or torn. The Idol was reprimanded, and we triumphed.

We were not permitted to enter into the Closet of my Mother; the Favourite alone had that Privilege. He went in when he pleased, and played with her Birds. We watched the Moment of creeping in after him without being perceived, and from thence it always happened that some Cage was left

open, or some Cats shut up in the Closet. Such an Act of Carelessness drew upon him frequently Reproofs that transported us. We must confess, that the Pleasure of Revenge was sweet. There are few Evils of which it will not suspend the Pain; and I confess at that Age had I Virtue enough to renounce it.

My eldest Brother had two Hunting-Dogs, which were his Delight. The Death of these two Animals, so beloved, would have been an Exploit worthy of the Chevalier, but the Execution of it was difficult. He spoke to me of it as an Affair of State, and the Weakness I had to enter into the Conspiracy was the Occasion of my Exile; we formed this glorious Project then, of which, however, we had no other Profit, than having had the pleasing Hope of revenging ourselves. How many People are there in the same Condition, and whose Resentments terminate in thinking what they would do, if their Power answered to their Inclination!

I imagined for some Time, that the Chevalier had abandoned his Design, of which

which he spoke to me no more, either that he was put off from it, by the Obstacles he met with, or that he had Compassion upon the two proscribed Heads, who were his Favourites too, but they were still more dear to his Brother, and that was sufficient to prevent him from listening to the Voice of Mercy. One Evening, as we rose from Table, he slipped a Packet into my Hand, and said to me in a Whisper; Here, this will dispatch them presently. Lock it up safe. It was, I believe, Arsenick in Powder that he had procured, and which he was afraid they would find in his Pockets at Night. Unhappily for us, the old Governor, who was near us, heard what the Chevalier said to me, and went immediately to my Parents to relate it. He represented to them, doubtless, that I had monstrous Intentions; and the Poison found at Night in one of the Boxes of my Toilette, confirming his Report, my Brother and myself remained attainted and convicted, in their Opinions, of a Design to attempt upon their Persons.

I perceived, when I got up, that the Packet was not where I put it; I imagined that the Chevalier had taken it again, which was the Reason that I was not uneasy, nor took any Measures to prevent the Misfortune that threaten'd me, and of which I was ignorant. I had just dressed me, when an Order was brought me from my Mother, to be ready to depart for a Convent, where she had determined to conduct me. I prepared to obey her with great Docility, looking upon the Monastery as a Prison where I should be less unfortunate than I was at home. Whilst they put up my Linnen and my Cloaths, I went to bid my Father adieu, who was in his Closet; but it was in vain that I knocked at the Door, he neither opened it, nor ventured to answer me, doubtless because it had been forbidden him. I run to the Chamber of the Chevalier, to beg him to come and see me in the Convent; I found it empty, and, to retrench all superfluous Circumstances, I went into a Hackney-Coach, with my Mother and the old Governor, whose Name was *du Clos*. They conveyed me to an Inn, where a Chaise ready to depart

depart waited for me. I went into it with the Governor, and remarking that my Mother was preparing to return; Madame, said I to her with Emotion, what can be your Design? Where is Monsieur *du Clos* to convey me by your Orders? Was it not to a Convent in *Paris* that you proposed to carry me? No, Daughter, replied my Mother coldly, I am sending you to that of which your Aunt is the Abbess. You will learn, under the Inspection of so virtuous a Person, to confirm yourself in those Duties, which a longer Stay in your Father's Family might deprive you of. Adieu, Mademoiselle, you have so often said, that you were much better in the Convent than with us, that I suppose this gives you more Pleasure than Pain. I knew not what Answer I ought to make to these Words; and if I had known it, my Mother would not have given me Time to reply; for she mounted again into her Hackney-Coach, and we drove from each other with equal Haste.

The profound Melancholly in which I was plunged from *Paris* to *Rochelle*,
where

where we went, gave great Inquietude to Monsieur *du Clos*; who imagining that I was meditating some fatal Blow for him, he kept himself Day and Night upon his Guard, and supposing, perhaps, that I had still Arsenick about me, he took particular Care to have me eat alone; I am satisfied, he more than once repented the having charged himself with my Conveyance. I have always been perswaded, that his Commission was only to deliver me into the Hands of my Aunt, but that, to punish me for having given him such Terrors upon the Road, and to disembarraßs my Family from so wicked an Ally, being satisfied that he should be justified in whatever he did, he had determined to make use of the Opportunity of the Embarkation that was then making at *Rochelle* for *Canada*.

Instead, therefore, of taking the Road to the Abbey of my Aunt, whither we had only one Day's Journey further, Monsieur *du Clos* very handsomely made his Agreement with the Captain of the Vessel, on board which you was. The rest you are not ignorant of, Monsieur, and

and you may remember the Condition I was in for several Days. My Life was despaired of, and I should infallibly have lost it, if the Captain had not taken a more particular Care of me than of several others, whom the Voyage threw into a Sickeness. 'Tis true, he had particular Reasons to distinguish me from the other Women who were on board. He had taken me as a Passenger, and was not to receive the Remainder of the Sum, for which he had agreed upon with the old Governor, till he brought back into *France* a Certificate of my Arrival at *Quebec*, where, I presume, he had Orders to abandon me to Providence: To instruct you in this Agreement, I must tell you that the Captain informed me, that Monsieur *du Clos* had delivered me up to him under the Name of *Margaret du Clos*, his Daughter, assuring him that the sole Reason of my being thus banished, was for having several Times attempted to poison my Father, my Mother, and my eldest Brother; and that very frequently I had been found provided with Arsenick, which I designed to make use of to commit those three enormous Crimes.

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The Astonishment that the Captain gave me by this Discourse, the Despair of finding myself loaded with so horrible an Accusation, and which, notwithstanding all my Innocence, I could not prove the Falsity of, all this had such an Effect upon me, that I had almost died with Sorrow; however, as soon as I could speak, I gave the Captain a true Recital of the Adventure of the Arsenick found upon my Toilette. He perceived, by what I had said to him, the Injustice that had been done me in suspecting me guilty of so black an Attempt. As inhuman as he was, he yet appeared to pity me. He did more; he had the Generosity to give me Part of the Money which he had receiv'd from Monsieur *du Clos*, whom he still supposed my Father, for I did not disabuse him upon that Article. It was thus that I was instructed in the Cause of my involuntary Voyage.

I am ignorant what Reflections the Captain made after this; but, as if he had repented of his Weakness in believing me, and suffering himself to be moved by a false Recital of my Misfortunes,
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in two Days after he resumed his usual Ferocity; he never cast one favourable Look upon me again. I resolved not to discover myself to any Person, and to wait, under the unworthy Name of the Author of my Afflictions, till my Brother, the Chevalier, made known my Innocence, together with his own. I should, nevertheless, have been forced, perhaps, to declare myself, if your ingenuous Compassion had not found a Method of preserving me from the wretched Fate I had to fear.

Mademoiselle, said I then to the *Sak-game*, if Virtue does not preserve us from the Turns of Fortune, at least sooner or later, it always makes us triumph over them. The Malice and Injustice of Mankind set you as a Slave into a foreign Country; and Providence, more just, has made you live there as a Sovereign. I should live here with great Satisfaction, returned she, if I knew that the Chevalier was no more unhappy than myself. The Tranquility of my Life is only disturbed by the Remembrance of that dear Brother; and he is the only Mortal beyond the Ocean.

for

for whom I interest myself. If I ever see *France* again, replied I, I will contrive some Expedient to procure you News of him, without your discovering yourself any farther than you think proper. But, added I, if this Brother, who is so dear to you, should conjure you to return into the old World, would you reject his Prayers? Sovereigns, replied she smiling, never quit their Dominions, and only converse with each other by Ambassadors. In that Case, said I to her in the same Tone, you must do me the Honour of conferring that sacred Title upon me, and I shall present to him, in your Name, my Letters of Credence, and the *Calumet* of Peace.

I had but one Conversation more with Mademoiselle *du Clos*, after which I demanded my Audience of Leave. She did not grant it to me without Pain; and I was obliged to promise her that I would frequently make her such Visits. If we had accepted of all the Skins that her *Hurons* offered to us, we should have enriched ourselves for ever, but we refused them the most politely that we could possibly; we contented ourselves with

with suffering them to load with their Presents several Canoes, which they caused to depart for our Habitation at the same Time that we did, and which, nevertheless, did not arrive there till a Month after us, upon account of their having been obliged to take a long and difficult Way. A numerous Escort reconducted us, with the same Pomp as before; and, out of Gratitude, we sent them back loaded with Wine, Brandy, and other Presents.

At our Arrival I was obliged to quit my Habitation and repair to the Fort. The dreadful War which *France* had then to support extended its Fury even to us; all the Country was in Alarm. They were continually making Incur-sions into *New-England*, and the *Eng-lish* on their Side did the same to us; they even engaged the Savages to do so. We were obliged to establish a Correspondence between our Canton and the Fort of *Bourbon*, which *Monfieur de Iberville* had just taken from the *English* in *Hudson's Bay* *. They did not escape with that Loss only; they ravaged

* In October, 1694.

ravaged also several of their Islands, and made a Descent upon *Jamaica*; so that, not doubting in the least but they designed to make us a Return, we were under a Necessity of being continually upon our Guard.

The Fort *de Frontenac* indeed prevented us from any Surprize from the *English* themselves; but they had gained several Cantons of the *Iroquese* by the Force of Presents, and those might be upon us before we were so much as advertised of their March. These terrible Savages carried Desolation every where along with them; they destroyed the Plantations, burnt the Cabbins, and spared no Creature. When a Fort stopped their Progress, they ruined all about it with Impunity, the Garrison not daring to attack them, because the *Iroquese* were too numerous, and most of them provided with Cutlasses and Fire-Arms, which the *English* and *Dutch* furnished them with, and with which they fought desperately.

The continual Alarms we were under from the Proximity of their Frontiers,
several

several Hostilities already committed, the League made amongst their Cantons, and their Alliance with the *English* and the *Dutch*, all these Things at length engaged Monsieur *de Frontenac*, the Governor, to resolve to make them feel the Weight of the Arms of *France*, as so many Allies leagued against her at that Time felt them in *Europe*. All the Companies in the King's Pay had Orders to assemble at *Montreal*. The Desire of revenging themselves upon the *Iroquese*, and driving farther from them such dangerous Neighbours, having made all the *French*, established upon their Frontiers, join themselves to these Troops, together with those Savages who were attached to *France*; Monsieur *de Frontenac* found himself in a Condition to enter their Country at the Head of an Army, numerous and formidable for those Parts, since it consisted of near three thousand Men.

It was with great Difficulty that they conveyed the Artillery as far as the Fort, which the *English* had caused these Savages to erect. It was flanked with good Bastions, and so regular, that it would

would have stopped us for a considerable Time, if they had had the Courage to keep themselves confined in it; but the *Iroquese*, as valiant as they are, will always in their Combats have their Way free behind them, and accustom themselves much more to Actions of Address and Surprize, than to stand their Ground courageously. They abandoned their Fort, therefore, against the Opinion of the *English*, with whom they retired, leaving us at full Liberty to ravage their Canton. We began by razing the Fort, after which all was pillaged or destroy'd in a large Extent of Ground, to give these People at least a Desert to pass through before they could enter *New-France*.

The Body of Troops in which I was, with several Volunteers, who had followed me in this Expedition, having discovered in a Wood a large Habitation of *Iroquese*, invested it, and soon made themselves Masters of it. We surpriz'd there a great Number of old Men and Children, and we divided the Booty. As to me, I yielded up my Share, and those which my Associates were to have,
in

in the Furs and the Utenfils which had been brought there, as in a Place of Safety. I contented myself with taking upon my Account all the Prisoners whom nobody would trouble themselves with. I surprized my Fellow-Soldiers extremely by this, and still more when I offer'd them all their Liberty, provided each of them would give me for their Ransom a Male Child of four or five Years old ; this procured me near two hundred, which were concealed near the Place. After which I sent away, without any Ransom, the Remainder of my Captives, reserving only half a Dozen of the Women, whom I kept to take Care of my little Flock.

You know, *Monsieur de Beauchene*, continued *Monneville*, addressing himself to me, that two Days after I was very near having them all carried off from me, and losing the Lives of all my Volunteers, together with my own. You must remember it, since you were with the Savages who stole by Night upon my Quarters, which I had been so imprudent to chuse at too great a Distance from the Body of the Army. If they had known that I
had

had not above sixty Men with me, they would not have retired as they did, after having killed some of them. You can still less forget that young and rash as you were then, you engaged yourself so far that it was impossible for you to regain the others, and that you remained my Prisoner.

This Accident made me hasten my Departure. I was glad also to leave the main Body of the Army, where my two hundred Children would have embarrassed me much more. When I had a sufficient Number of Canoes, I demanded Permission from Monsieur *de Frontenac* to depart, and he granted it to me very graciously, commanding me to be furnished with what was necessary for my little Prisoners, whom he piously believed, as well as the rest, I had carried off in order to their being educated in the Christian Religion, as the Missionary Chaplains in the Army reported. These good Fathers judged thus of my Intentions without considering that, to execute the Project which they gave me the Honour of, instead of a common Habitation

tation I should have stood in need of Houses and Revenues like theirs.

Tho' they exaggerated extremely the good Action which they imagined I had done, they did not express the least Desire to share in the Merit of it with me, by taking upon themselves the Care of Part of these Children; but they caused a sumptuous *Te Deum* to be sung at *Quebec*, as soon as they heard that I had ordered them all to be baptized, which in effect I did not fail to do, before I sent them to Mademoiselle *du Clos*, for whom I had destined them.

You will easily suppose, that this political *Sakgame* thought herself obliged to me for such a Present. She sent me Word, that I could not have made her one more valuable, and that her good Friends were penetrated with Gratitude for the Service that I had done them, by sending them what might one Day produce Warriors that would be of great Assistance to them; that all these Children had been adopted, and would soon believe they had found their real Parents in their adoptive Fathers. She added,
that

that she would cause them to be instructed in the Christian Religion, and she hoped that, after having been brought up as *Hurons*, they would not have Hearts less *French* than if they had been born in the Center of *France*.

The Favours that *Lewis XIV.* distributed at all Times in those Parts, penetrated even into our Desarts, to search out those of his Subjects who had distinguished themselves there. Amongst the Persons who received these Gratifications was comprehended a Lady of my Acquaintance, named *de Vercheres*. This Heroine had an Habitation and a Fort, which bore her Name, some Leagues distant from *Montreal*; she was the Daughter of a Mother who had taught her to use the Musket, and to place herself, like an *Amazon*, at the Head of her People, upon any Incurfion of the Savages. One Day having been surprized by a Troop of *Iroquefe*, she escaped from their Hands, and shut herself up in her little Fort, where, assisted by one single Soldier only, she stopped them with Musket-shot at first, after which firing off her Cannon herself upon them, she

she obliged these Savages to retire, which they did with the more Precipitation, as they imagined she would soon receive Assistance. This young Female Warrior, after the Action, having had the good Fortune to have an Opportunity of writing to Madame *du Pontchartrain*, sent her a Detail of the little Siege she had supported, and obtained by her Mediation a Pension of four hundred Livres.

About that Time the young Man, who had accompanied me to the Habitation of Mademoiselle *du Clos*, returned thither again to offer her his Service, with five or six of his most intimate Friends, who were not at all terrified at the Relation he had given them of his former Journey. He, as well as his Companions, took care to conceal this pious Design from the World, easily judging that it would meet with no Approbation. I was the only Person to whom they did not make a Mystery of it, lest Mademoiselle *du Clos* should be displeased with them, for not bringing her a Message from me. They, therefore, made me a Confidante of their

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Design, and I charged them with a Letter
to the *Sakgame*.

During their Voyage the *Malouin*,
Commandant of our Fort, died of Poi-
son. I have always been perswaded that
the Blow which sunk him into the Grave
was destined for me, in which Case I was
a very innocent Cause of his Death:
However that may be, I repaired im-
mediately to *Quebec*, to give Information
of this, and solicit a Post, for which I
did not imagine I should find any Rivals;
nevertheless the Governor told me polite-
ly, that if I insisted absolutely upon this
Place he could not refuse it me; but that
he desired me to wait till another Op-
portunity, and yield it up to a young
Man who was strongly recommended to
him, and who, if I did not, must lay
upon his Hands. This obliging man-
ner of Refusal charmed me; and I pro-
tested to the Governor, that being fully
satisfied with his Favour, I desisted from
my Demand, with as much Pleasure as
I should have received the Benefit.

This young Man, of whom he spoke,
was just then arrived on board the Vessel
which

which had brought us the happy News of the Peace of *Ryfwick*, of which we flattered ourselves to taste the Fruits in the New World, by that Liberty of Commerce which must augment our Fortunes. This Change made me think of profiting at least by the Succession of the *Malouin*, since I had not inherited his Place. He had neither Children nor Heirs; his Habitation would have been abandoned, and in a few Years could not have failed of becoming again a Desert as it was before. I demanded it, and it was granted me.

In a second Visit that I made the Governor, I represented to him the Plan of the Conduct of *Mademoiselle du Clos*, amongst the *Hurons*; he was never tired with hearing me speak upon that Article, and he admired the Prudence and the Policy of that incomparable Woman. He was enchanted with it; and imagined he perceived in her System, an Affair of so much Utility to the Nation, that he had the Generosity to send her Presents to above the Value of a hundred Pistoles, causing her to be assured, at the same Time, of a particular Protection

tection both for herself and her Canton. The Reverend Fathers of the Convent, jealous of their Honour, would not appear less generous than the Governor; they also made their Presents to the *Sakgame*, but to vary Things a little, they made their Gifts consist in several Reliques, and some consecrated Beads, with a Billet of Association unto the Merits of a Confraternity, in the Catalogue of which her Name was inserted gratis. The Badge of this Confraternity was carried by a young Man, whom they sent to her as a Missionary at my Request. They charged this new Apostle with magnificent sacerdotal Ornaments, and a very rich Service for a Chappel; but when I gave him his Lesson in private, I advised him not to make use of all this, till Mademoiselle *du Clos* judged it proper.

The Governor, when he charged me with the Care of conducting and installing in our little Fort *Monsieur de la Haye*, which was the Name of the new Commandant, told me, that he should think himself obliged to me for all that I should do for this young Man, who
was

was born, added he, to a better Fortune. I began, therefore, upon this Recommendation, to interest myself for Monsieur *de la Haye*; and Madame his Wife, who embarked with us, completed the attaching me to the Service of the Family. That Lady was a young Person, who, joined to the most regular Beauty, so affable an Air, so much Modesty, so much Sweetness in the Tone of her Voice, in her Eyes, in her Manner, that, borne away by that powerful *Je ne scay quoy*, which cannot be defined, I lost my Liberty in a Moment, without so much as wishing to preserve it.

If I had satisfied myself with the Friendship of this amiable Pair, the Assiduity and Complaisance I expressed to them acquired it me to such a Degree, that when we arrived at the Fort, you would have imagined that it was a Brother and a Sister coming to reside with a beloved Brother. As I had been gratified with all the Spoils of the *Malouin*, the Moveables belonged to me equally with the rest; and I might have left a naked Apartment to his Successor, but I did not remove the least Trifle, which

is not to be reckoned as any thing in such a Place. I was constantly doing them some little Services, which they testified the more Gratitude to me for, as they did not in the least suspect the Motive of my Actions; they imagining that I behaved thus to them out of real Generosity.

I carried them so frequently to the Habitation that I had inherited, that it was not more mine than it was theirs. They found it so handsomely built, and so well situated, that they were infinitely pleased with being there. As to me, I tasted less the Sweets of that Solitude, than the Pleasure of seeing continually in it the Object of my Passion. As long as I constrained myself to Looks and Sighs only, Madame *de la Haye* did not penetrate into my Sentiments. She was so far from imagining me in love with her, that she gave me continually, without Constraint, many innocent Marks of the tender Friendship she had for me: On the other Side, however jealous I was of her Husband, I lived in so strict an Intimacy with him, that the Consideration of that alone had often closed my

my Lips, when the Secret was ready to escape me.

Monfieur *de la Haye*, for he had related his Adventures to me, was the Son of a rich Counsellor of the Parliament of *Paris*, who designing him for the Bar, had educated him with that Intention; but the young Man applied himself so little to his Studies, and particularly to that of the Law, that when he was to undergo his Examination, his Examiners were obliged to make him sustain his *Thesis's* in great Privacy. His Father seeing he had so little Disposition to shine in the long Robe, changed his Design, and bought him a Post in the Household, which afterwards occasioned his Misfortunes.

I was ignorant what these Misfortunes were, he having concealed them from me in all the Conversations that we had had together, and had never yet spoke to me of his Wife, when one Morning walking out after Breakfast, the Fumes of two Bottles of White-Wine, which we had drank, had the same Effect upon him as the Rays of the Sun had upon

the Statue of *Memnon*: Monsieur de la Haye, who was generally silent and melancholly, put on a gay Air, free and open, and had a great deal to say. As soon as I perceived he was in a Vein of talking, I put him upon the Chapter of his former Prosperity, and told him that I could not think him wholly unfortunate, since Fortune had bestowed upon him so accomplished a Wife as Madame de la Haye.

You would think my Wife still more amiable, replied he, if you knew all the Reasons I have to love and to esteem her. As next to her, I have nothing in the World so dear to me as you, I will make you my Confidante. It will hurt my Self-love to discover to you those Defects which the Situation I am now in conceals from you; but 'tis no matter, I will tell you all; 'tis a Confusion that I well deserve.

By the Reputation of being the only Son of an opulent Father, continued he, I had found the means of being in Debt above ten thousand Crowns before I was twenty, when an Uncle, whom I had

had in the Household, engaged my Father to let me quit the Gown, and be placed with him. The Post that they were in Treaty for cost them near fifty thousand Livres for me. What a Lure to my Creditors! the Strings of their usurious Purfes were broke by it; they were always open to me; I took out, and left them to count it. Of fifty young People, who like me could find Money with more Ease than the King, I was the most respected, and the soonest served. 'Tis true, they made me sign and renew my Bonds when they pleased; but tho' they took these Precautions, I saw plainly that they had a particular Affection for me, and that they would not hazard so much with the rest, from whom frequently they exacted Pledges very unpolitely.

A Succession of near two hundred thousand Livres, which my Father by his Death left us soon after, that is, to them and me, for I did not owe them at the most above the Half of it, augmented their Hopes, and the Disorders of my Conduct. My Uncle frequently reproached me with it in vain; tho' I

was sensible that I deserved his Re-
proaches I had not Resolution enough
to change. My Felicity, or rather my
Stupidity, ruined me ; I loved Wine
and the Pleasures of the Table ; twenty
Parasites devoured me ; with all this I
played high, and thinking to pass for a
fair Gamester, I played like a Dupe.
My Uncle, advertised of my Excesses,
gave me new Reprimands, which were
still in vain. He grew tired of repeating
them, and to frustrate me of his Succes-
sion, he resolved to marry, with an In-
tention of having an Heir more worthy
of him.

It was, however, upon this Succes-
sion that my Creditors depended the
most ; they looked upon it as a Supple-
ment to my Fortune, which might some
time be necessary to them. They knew
better what my Estate was than I did ;
for I left to them the Care of calculating
my Revenues and my Debts. To com-
pleat the Picture of my Disorders, I
thought those too sober and regular who
kept a Mistress to themselves ; this Con-
duct appeared too sedate to me, and too
confermable to the tiresome Uniformity
of

of Marriage. In fine, I was as great a Debauchee as it was possible to be, when there happened to me an Event of which my Marriage was the Consequence, and which I am going to relate to you.

I had had for some few Days a Valet de Chambre, who having never served before, piqued himself upon a Fidelity which most of those Gentlemen shake off by degrees when they are in Service. He advertised me one Day, that one of my Footmen in whom I had a Confidence robbed me, and was in Confederacy with the Cook. *Jasmin*, added he, goes out every Night after Supper, and carries something to a Place that I have remarked. To be satisfied myself of the Truth of this Fact, I hid myself one Evening in the Staircase of a House into which my Valet de Chambre assured me that the Thefts were carried. The accused Footman in effect came thither loaded with a Parcel, passed close by me without seeing me, and entered into a Garret, whither I followed him hastily. Rascal, said I to him, drawing my Sword, dost thou rob me then in this Manner? The unhappy Wretch threw himself

himself immediately at my Feet; Strike, Monsieur, said he to me, you will pierce us all three with the same Blow. At the same time he pointed with his Finger to a young Woman whom Fear had rendered immoveable, and an old Man sunk with Infirmities.

It is only, pursued the Footman, opening the Napkin which he brought, the Refuse of the Provisions of your Domesticks: With these I prolong the Days of my Father, who has this only Succour left to subsist upon; and yet though these Remainders are wretched, I buy them dearly of your Cook, to whom on this Account I have yielded up my Wages above a Year. The Father on his Side, whose Tongue was the only Part at liberty, begged for Mercy; but there was no longer any occasion to have recourse to their Prayers to move me; what I saw there disarmed me and inspired me with Compassion. I approached the old Man, and asked him why he did not demand a Place in the Hospital, rather than remain in the miserable Condition he was in. I have frequently designed to take
that

that Resolution, replied he, but my Children have always opposed it; they are terrified at the very Name of the Place.

Whilst I spoke to the poor old Man, his Son made his Escape, and his Daughter concealed herself. Be comforted, said I, to the Father, I approve of what your Son has done, and far from turning him out of my Family, I will double his Wages. To render these Words more efficacious, I accompanied them with two or three Pistoles, and all the Silver I had about me. I intended at my Return home to reassure *Jasmin*, who not knowing what I had said to his Father, nor what Resolution I had taken, was in great Inquietude. Unhappily for him the Valet de Chambre seeing him come in, and imagining he gave him good Advice, told him to make his Escape immediately to avoid falling into the Hands of Justice, to which perhaps I might deliver him up; this distracted the Mind of the Footman to such a Degree that he disappeared, and has never since been heard of.

His

His Flight disturbed his Father, who sent his Daughter several times to enquire in my Family if they had not heard of *Jasmin*. One Day having addrested herself to me in particular to ask that Question, though she was covered with Rags almost, she dazzled me with her Beauty. I was so excessively struck with it, that forgetting the generous Motives which till then had determined me to do them Service, I proposed Conditions to this unhappy Innocent, that might deliver her and the Author of her Birth from Misery: It was thus that I made even Actions of Humanity subservient to my Vices.

This virtuous Maid appeared to me very far from ever coming into my Designs. As to the Father, I found him more easy; either that he was touched by my engaging Behaviour to them, or that the Fear of falling into a dreadful Indigence did not permit him to be untractable, he yielded to my Entreaties; but we both of us found it no small Difficulty to seduce the Daughter. I say both of us, for he was obliged to make use of Statagems to perswade her. He
assured

assured her, that I had given him my Word of Honour that I would marry her publickly as soon as the Thing was possible ; which I durst not, he said, do then, for fear of displeasing an Uncle, whose Heir I was to be. Whilst he spared no Pains to induce her to consent to her Dishonour, I seconded him by the Expences bestowed upon them. I hired and furnished an Apartment for them, and gave them a Servant. At length, by the continual Sollicitations of the Father and myself, the Daughter yielded to our Entreaties.

What had determined her more than all the rest to yield to my Perswasion, was, that judging by my Procedure to her that I was too honest a Man to deceive her, she imagined that my Attachment for her would never finish but with my Life. In less than a Fortnight she was easy in her Situation, and the Father satisfied with his Fate, no longer remembered he had been miserable. He did not long enjoy his base Prosperity, he fell ill and died, recommending his Daughter to my Care.

His

His Death delivered me from a heavy Burthen. His Daughter gave herself entirely up to the Love she had conceived for me, fully satisfied with the Esteem and Friendship that I could not refuse to the real Merit I remarked in her. She seemed pleased with her Condition, though after the Promises I had made her, she had a Right to hope for a higher Situation. Never Life was more retired than her's; never Woman appeared less to love the World. I could not persuade her to appear at the Plays, or in any publick Places; she even begg'd me not to visit her but in private. Very far from resembling those who never have Lovers in a Situation of being expensive for them, without making a kind of Triumph of their Infamy.

Out of entire Complaisance to me she condescended to learn Musick and Dancing; but she employed the greatest Part of her Time in reading. Her Conduct, her valuable Qualities, ought to have rous'd me out of my Debauchery, and fixed me entirely. She had also another Virtue that charmed me, which
was

was her Disinterestedness. She never desired any Thing of me. But, indeed, I prevented her Necessities and her Desires, for I seldom saw her without making her a Present ; sometimes I brought her a Gold Watch, or a Snuff-box ; sometimes a Ring, or a Necklace ; and when I happened to win fifty or sixty Pistoles at Play, I obliged her to share them with me. 'Tis my Play-Money, said I to her, if you don't take them, I shall lose them To-morrow ; and I had rather you had them than another. But generally she would not accept of any Thing from me, unless I would promise her to not to play for such a Number of Days, and not to frequent the wretched Company that ruined me,

I should not have been in *Canada* if I would have believed her, and a sincere Friend whom I sometimes carried to sup with her, and who, on his Part, often exhorted me to change my Conduct. When I engaged myself in loose Parties of Pleasure, and was two or three Days without seeing her, I threw her into dreadful Inquietudes ; and if I had the least Indisposition, she melted
into

into Tears, as if her Life had been attached to mine.

I soon gave her very different Alarms, when one Day heated by Wine, and almost under the Eyes of the King, there happened to me a Misfortune which Shame prevents me from relating to you. *Louis* the XIVth never forgave a Crime occasioned by Drunkenness. I was obliged to disappear, that I might not finish my Days upon a Scaffold; and notwithstanding the Credit of my Uncle, and that of all my Friends, I did not obtain my Pardon but with the Loss of my Post. Besides that, I was condemned to give ten thousand Livres to the *Hôtel Dieu*. This Affair rous'd my Creditors, they all knew each other; they had soon made a Computation of my Effects, and the first Resolution that was taken in the Assembly, was not to lend me any more, that they might not augment my Debts. Being informed in a Fortnight or three Weeks after this that my Uncle was to be married, they judged, by this precipitate Resolution, that he abandoned me. They declared themselves openly, and joined with the
Ad.

Administrators of the *Hôtel Dieu*. This was what my Friend writ me Word of to the Place of my Retreat. He added in his Letter, that he had been to wait upon my Uncle, who said to him, shewing him his Marriage Articles, You see this, Monsieur, this is a Proof that I shall no longer acknowledge, as my Nephew, a Wretch, whom I would have arrested upon the Spot, if I had known where he was; and whom I would willingly suffer to perish in a Dungeon, that he might expiate the Ignominy with which he has covered the Family.

My Friend not being in a Situation to procure the ten thousand *Francks* that were necessary for me, could not prevent my Estate from being seized upon and sold; and exclusive of this, I stood in need of four and twenty thousand *Livres* to satisfy my Creditors. At least now I had nothing left; if I had had nothing to fear, I should perhaps have subdued my Pride so far as to seek for a Resource in *Paris*, where I knew so many People who called themselves my Friends; but I should have made that humbling Step in vain, since my Friend
sent

sent me Word that he had seen them all, and that far from being disposed to raise me out of the Abyss into which most of them had helped to plunge me, they scarce seemed to remember me. The only Person who interests herself in your Fate, added he, is her with whom we have sometimes supp'd together. She comes every Day to enquire after you. She presses me strongly to give her your *Adresse*; which I have not thought proper to do, lest she should be employed by your Enemies. All that her Tears, true or false, have been able to obtain of me, is a Promise to convey a Billet from her to you.

In effect, he sent me one, and told me that he believed her Love was sincere; but that it was not now a Time for tender Sighs, and that I should be embarrassed enough with myself, without burthening myself with the Care of a faithful Mistress. I was of his Opinion, and I began to forget her, as I imagined she could no longer think of me; and yet the more I read her Letter, the more she appeared worthy of my Attention. I remember still perfectly well the Con-
tents

tents of it : — “ I can no longer live
“ without seeing you, said she ; if you
“ don’t permit me to come to you, I
“ shall go immediately in search of you
“ to all the Frontier Towns. It is not
“ so much for my own Satisfaction that
“ I demand this Favour of you, as for
“ your own Interest. The Misfortunes
“ which separate us from each other
“ may be terminated. If I can but see
“ you, perhaps I may be of Consola-
“ tion to you. We sometimes receive
“ Assistance from those where we least
“ expect it. Represent to yourself my
“ Father when he was expiring, and
“ do not forget that you protested to
“ him, that you would never abandon
“ me. I have lost every Thing since I
“ was your’s. I have nothing dear to
“ me in the World but you. What is
“ it to me in what Condition I find you
“ again ! It was you and not your For-
“ tune that I loved. Consider that I
“ am your’s, as steadily, as if all Laws,
“ divine and human, had laid upon me
“ the Necessity of sharing your Fortune
“ and your Name. Adieu, I shall de-
“ part, when you please, to rejoin you
“ where-

“ wherever you command me to repair.”

Before I had received this Letter, the Uneasiness I felt in my Exile, and the Want of Money which began to come upon me, had already inspired me with a Desire of making a Tour secretly to *Paris*. I could no longer resist it after I had read this Billet, tho’ it gave me no positive Assurances. I departed privately from the Place where I was, and by Night came to the House of my Friend, who was surprized to see me. I hazarded myself indeed greatly, but the Unfortunate have little Fears of Danger. My Friend immediately sent to let my Mistress know that he had something to deliver to her; she flew thither immediately, and finding me, instead of a Letter which she had hoped for, the Excess of her Joy had almost proved fatal to her. She did not waste Time in testifying the Pleasure that my Presence gave her, she only informed herself of my Health, and then desired me and my Friend to follow her home, saying, that she

she hoped we should not be sorry for being at that Trouble.

When we were entered into a little Chamber, where she inhabited, for she had let out her Apartment, to save all she could, she shewed us a strong Box, which she opened, and in which there was a large Quantity of Gold, with all the Toys that I had given her. Monsieur, said she, addressing herself to me, all this belongs to you; give me Leave to restore it to you. Penetrated with this Action, I looked entirely speechless, not upon the Treasure, but the generous Woman that offered it to me. Then throwing herself into my Arms, You would have been much richer, cried she, if I had been as ready to receive as you was to give. How I reproach myself now for my mistaken Delicacy! Why was not I more rapacious! I should have had in my Hands a considerable Part of the Riches that have been forced from you.

God forbid, replied I, that I should accept what you offer me with so much Frankness! No, my dear Child, you
deserve

deserve them more than I, and I would give my Life to preserve them for you. And I mine, replied she, to be able once more to re-establish you in the Situation that I have seen you. — What a Scene! then cried my Friend. Happy are they that feel a Change of Fortune thus rewarded! Thou hast lost nothing, added he, turning to me, since thou possessest the Heart of so uncommon a Woman.

After a long Debate of Tenderneſs and Generoſity between us, What do you reſolve upon doing? ſaid my Friend to us at length. You muſt, replied ſhe, with this Sum endeavour to appeaſe his Creditors, or elſe let him take it, and retire into a Place of Safety. I ſhall die if he leaves me, but I dare not intreat him to take me with him, it would be too great an Inconvenience to him. Can you think thus, ſaid I to her? No, nothing but Death can ever part us now, ſince your Tenderneſs is Proof againſt my Miſfortunes.

My Friend interrupted us once more, to tell us, that he was of Opinion that I
ſhould

should remain there concealed whilst he treated with my Creditors, and made them Offers, which I agreed to. He saw them every one in particular, and had soon disposed them to an Accommodation. 'Tis easy to enter into an Agreement with those who think they have lost all. I was upon the Brink of finding myself at Liberty, when a new Misfortune deprived us of this last Hope. A Footman of my Friend's, guessing that there were Things of Value in the strong Box, laid his Scheme so well, that he got the Key of his Master's Closet in the Night, and carried off the Box.

What a Stroke of Thunder to my Friend, when he perceived it the next Day ! He flew immediately to the Ministers of Justice, all the Archers were sent abroad, and several Spies in the City, after the Traces of the Villain, who was taken in a Fortnight, and hanged at his Master's Door, after having confessed the Fact. This was all the Consolation that we received, for the strong Box remained in the Hands of Justice, with all that it contained.

It is not easy to guess at our Despair, and particularly that of my Friend; we were ourselves obliged to give him Consolation. The amiable Woman, whose Loss it was most properly, seemed to be the least afflicted with it, and exhorted me to be patient. You see, said I to her one Day, what must be the Reward of your Tenderness, why will not you abandon me to my evil Destiny? You had wherewith to subsist, you ought to have forgot me. I ought to have assisted you, replied she, but I can now only do it with my Care. Let us depart with the little we have left. Let us quit a Country where your Liberty is in Danger. You make no Answer, pursued she, remarking that I was lost in Thought. You are absent, I see plainly that you wish to leave me; but you shall not succeed in it, for I will follow wherever you go. I shall be a Shadow attached to your Steps. You have made me happy as long as you was so yourself, it is just that I should now share in your Afflictions.

You shall share them still if you dare, said I to her, when you know to what Dangers

Dangers you must expose yourself to follow me; I quit not only *France*, but even *Europe*. An antient Friend of my Father's has been with me in private; he has advised me to go over into *America*, and has given me a Letter of Recommendation to have an Employment there. Is this a Voyage that you can undertake? Is that a Climate suitable to you? Besides, why should I banish you from your Country, to expose you to a thousand Dangers incident to so long a Voyage? I know no Danger but that of losing you, cried she, and once more I am resolved to follow you wherever you go. It shall be then as a Wife, replied I, moved at her Constancy; that Title alone can determine me to continue to associate you to my Fortune. This faithful Lover, who looked upon it as the greatest Blessing that could happen to her, did not oppose it. I married her then, and we departed for this Country under the Names we now bear.

Oh Heavens! cried I, when he had ceased to speak, What, was it the History of *Madame de la Haye* that I have heard in listening to your's! Yes, replied he,

'tis her's that I have now related to you. I have described her Conduct to this Day; and you must have remarked with what Assiduity she endeavours to do every Thing that can give me Pleasure. She does all that is possible to dissipate my Chagrin, for she is not naturally so gay as she appears to you when she is with me. I am penetrated with her Complaisance; I protest to you, that if I wish a happier Destiny, it is solely that I may reward her Goodness.

Who would believe, that, after having heard this Relation, I should not have respected the Virtue of such a Woman! I had a hundred Times more Esteem for her, but unhappily my Love increased with my Esteem. I immediately yielded up to this happy Pair the Habitation which was so agreeable to them, and shortly procured them the Ratification of it from *Quebec*. Why had not I stopped there? The Pleasure of doing them Service, and of being tenderly beloved by them both, would have been sufficient to a Heart more virtuous than mine. What a strange Fatality! I could
not

not be satisfied without being criminal. I thought of nothing now but *Madame de la Haye*, and lived only for her. I could have wished she would love me more than she did her Husband. I sometimes flattered myself with that Hope, as if it had been possible that she should cease to be faithful to him, after all those Marks of Tendernefs she had given him.

I was continually with this Lady; and her Husband, far from being displeased with it, thanked me very sincerely for my Complaisance in keeping her Company. When I found myself alone with her, I fell into the most visible Transports, in which I made Exclamations upon the Felicity of her Husband, and with all this I gave myself up to a dreadful Melancholly that consumed me. *Mademoiselle de la Haye* at length penetrated my Sentiments, and the Knowledge of them afflicted her. I perceived it, by the Care she took to fly me, whenever Chance occasioned our being alone together.

In one of these Moments, feigning to be indisposed, she made some Steps to retire, but I prevented her: No, Madame, said I to her, you have no other Indisposition but that which my Presence gives you. Stay, 'tis I only that ought to go. After this, looking tenderly upon her, You have discovered then, continued I, this unhappy Love which will soon cause my Death, since it displeases you. Yes, I have remarked it, replied she, and I must also have given you Reason to think that I was not ignorant of it, by the Change of my Behaviour to you. We began to taste the Pleasures of Repose in this agreeable Solitude, why will you disturb a Tranquility, which we in Part owe to your Favour? You ought rather to preserve your own Work; your Friendship else was only a Snare, into which I fell by paying it with mine.

Ah! Madame, said I to her, can Friendship ever repay a Love so ardent as this, that you receive the Confession of so cruelly? Yet this Love, so violent as it is, has long evaded your Penetration; and the Efforts that I have used
to

to conceal it till now, proves that it is less rash than innocent. What do you dare to say, interrupted she? can you call your Passion innocent? my Friendship itself will soon cease to be so, if you don't change your Language, and stifle a Passion which makes me already feel all the Horrors of an Exile that your Generosity made us think supportable. Take again your Benefits, remain here alone, and restore me the Right of looking upon you with Indifference. I have not yet forgot how to live in the most obscure Retreat, and our Residence in the Fort will not be more so than I desire.

If you deprive me of your Presence, cried I, command my Fate then. What will become of me? The least Absence, said she, will cure you. Seek not after me when I avoid you; or rather quit the Place. Leave us for some Time, but let me beg you would not let Monsieur *de la Haye* perceive the Motive of your Absence; spare him the Despair that the Knowledge of this would give him. At length, overcome by her Reasons,

sons, and moved by her Tears, I promised that I would depart from her, and even forget her, if that was possible for me to do. She appeared satisfied with this Promise, and on my Side, to convince her that I knew no other Law but her Will, I disposed myself to bid her a long Farewell.

I was upon my Knees before her, and held one of her Hands, which I moisten'd with my Tears, when, unhappily for us, Monsieur *de la Haye* entered abruptly into the Room where this Scene passed, and surprizing me in that Attitude, he consulted only his Fury, and flew upon me with his Sword drawn, with so much Precipitation, that I had scarce Time to put myself in a Posture of Defence. However, I was soon upon my Guard, and I may say, that if I had not spared him, I should have had an easy Conquest over him; but I only parried his Thrusts, which he made at me with more Vivacity than Skill.

What was most unhappy in the Combat was, that Madame *de la Haye*, throwing

ing herself inconsiderately between us, got a slight Wound, and was the Occasion of my receiving a dangerous one. Then the Husband becoming less furious, was willing to listen to her. She informed him, that being as faithful a Friend as she was a faithful Wife, I was banishing myself from their Retreat, and that it was in taking Leave of her that I had thrown myself at her Knees. Upon this Relation the Husband, passing from Anger to Compassion, felt a mortal Regret at having wounded me. He sent immediately for the Surgeon, who never left me till I was entirely out of Danger, and in a Condition to go out. He even accompanied me to my own Habitation, whither I retired.

My Health was sooner re-established than the Tranquility of my Heart; for I learnt, during the Time of my Recovery, that the Wound which Madame *de la Haye* had received in her Side, and which she had neglected, not thinking it of any Consequence, was become very dangerous, and soon after I was informed of the Death of that Lady. I

thought I should have lost my Reason at this News. I did a thousand Extravagancies; I called myself her Assassin, and would have taken away my own Life, and should inevitably have done so, if they had left me alone, or had not taken Care to preserve me from myself.

The most violent Sorrows are not of the longest Continuance; Time moderated mine, and I thought only of quitting a Country which could no longer be agreeable to me. I found an Occasion to do this: Monsieur *de la Potterie*, Comptroller of the Marine, charged with the Inspection of the Fortifications of *New-France*, came at that Time to view my little Fort in his Rounds. I desired him to put some other Person in the Post that I occupied, whilst I went to *Quebec* to demand a Permission to retire. He did so very obligingly. Immediately I sold all that I possessed in the Country, and repaired to *Quebec*, to seize upon the first Opportunity that offered to return into *France*. The *Recolet*, my Patron, did all that was possible to

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to detain me, but he only could persuade me to stay the Time that was requisite for selling a large Quantity of Skins, which I had remaining in that Place.

The End of the FOURTH BOOK.



THE



THE
ADVENTURES
OF THE
Chevalier de Beauchene.

The Continuation of the History
of the Count DE MONNEVILLE.

B O O K V.

Monneville returns into France. He goes to Paris, where he falls into an Intimacy with several young Debauchees, amongst whom, by Accident, he meets with the Chevalier, Brother to Mademoiselle du Clos. He makes an Acquaintance with that young Man,
and

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and gives him News of his Sister. They become the best Friends in the World. Monneville leaves him to take a Journey to Mesnil, where he was brought up in his Infancy, in order to see his Nurse, and endeavour to draw from her some Light concerning her Birth. He buys the Estate of the Count de Monneville, his Father. He goes to the Castle of Mesnil, where he sees the Baronness and Lucilia, and after several Conversations with these Ladies, there is a mutual Discovery made. The Baronness informs him that he is her Son. He marries Lucilia. The Chevalier comes to his Nuptials, which are no sooner celebrated, than those two Gentlemen prepare for their Departure to Canada, in order to find out Mademoiselle du Clos. They arrive at Quebec, and go to Montreal; where, after a thousand Enquiries and Researches, they learn that the Sakgame of the Hurons has lost her Life, to the great Regret of those faithful Savages. At length, Monneville and his Friend having re-embarked to return into France, are attacked and taken by the English, who carry them

to Boston, in New-England. There they are sold as Slaves to a Captain, who buys them to sell again; but Beauchene and his Companions meet the Vessel of that Officer, make themselves Masters of it, and by that Monneville and the Chevalier are delivered from Slavery.



AT my Departure from *Quebec*, I found myself worth above a hundred thousand *Livres*, which contributed much to my Consolation; especially when I saw myself at *Paris*, in a Condition to make a Figure suitable to my little Ambition. I owed this Fortune, indeed, in strictness to the *Maltotier*; but as he had no View of procuring it for me when he banished me so far, I sought him out immediately, that I might revenge my ancient Quarrel; but the King of his Goodness had prevented me. I learn'd that my Enemy had been in Prison for several Years*, without having any Hopes of leaving it.

My

My Design was after this to go and search out my Nurse, and see what was become of my dear *Lucilia*; but as I imagined her either dead or married, which to me was much the same Thing, I was in no great Haste to make my Journey. Besides, I was detained at *Paris* by Amusements, which during the Course of the Winter made me run through a Part of the Produce of my Furs. 'Tis true, I lived with Sons of Mirth, who spent still more liberally than myself; when it cost me the Skin of a Castor, their Share was an Acre of a Vineyard or a Meadow. Our Society, which gave us a great Reputation in the World, sometimes joined itself to another which was not less famous, and which was called the * *Coterie Royale*, because it was formed near the Place which bears that Name. Woe to the Taverns where we assembled! we paid generously for the Expences of our Table, but we made a dreadful Destruction among their Moveables.

The

* What the *French* call *Coterie*, is in the Nature of a Club.

The two *Coteries* were joined one Day at a celebrated House. It was the *Royale* that was to bear the Expence. They complimented extremely a young Man who was in Mourning, and who was at the Table almost opposite to me. They endeavoured to perswade him, that he was in Conscience obliged to give a Treat at his own Expence to the whole Company, by way of Thanksgiving for the unparallel'd Blessing that had just happened to him. This Animal here, said one of them, is not he a lucky Wretch? He had but one Brother, who was his eldest, and Heaven has delivered him from him about five Months since; and his Father, who might have lived these thirty Years, drank himself to death last Week. Gentlemen, said another, when a Father is so gracious as to do so, I look upon it as one of the most meritorious Actions of his Life. Mine puts it off as long as ever he can, I am afraid the Mode of Weepers will be over, before I shall wear them; and yet they are a very becoming Ornament. Observe, Gentlemen, how graceful they make a young Man look. What sayest thou to them, Chevalier? Chevalier yourself

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yourself, replied he abruptly who was in Mourning. I hate the Name. I have borne it but too long already. The good Man, Heaven rest his Soul, would never have called me otherwise, if my Brother had not been so good as to go to the Devil.

Thou art thoroughly comforted for this double Loss, I suppose, said another. Canst thou make a Doubt of it, replied the Chevalier? I should be a great Fool to afflict myself for the Death of my two greatest Enemies. No, no, Gentlemen, my Sorrow is all upon my Sleeves. I am willing, however, to acknowledge the Service they have done me, by making a solemn one for them, where we will drink their Healths in full Glasses, and give a Loose to our Sorrows, till we fall senseless under the Table. This we are at, said another, is very proper to serve us for a *Mausoleum*. If you approve of it, I will pronounce the Funeral Oration. Nothing shall be forgot. I was thoroughly acquainted with both the Heroes. I know all the Scandal that can be said of them; and if thou wilt, I'll join to this the Elogium
of

of thy Mother, who has all the Air of not going much further in her Course.

At least, returned the Chevalier, it will not be the Sorrow of having lost her Husband that will suffocate her. She was not less tired of him than I was of the whole Family. As affectionate a Consort as *Artemisia*, she had long wish'd to have the Ashes of her Husband in an Urn, though she had been obliged to swallow them. This Day Week then, Gentlemen, pursued he, in eight Days we shall celebrate here the Service of my deceased Relations: But remember this, that none shall enter without Weepers. Let every one likewise make a Provision of Handkerchiefs, for I advertise you, that the Ceremony will be very deplorable.

I laughed with the rest at this foolish Scene, when he who sat next to me thought proper to relate to me all the ill Treatment that the Chevalier had received from his Family. This young Man, said he, if his eldest Brother had not died, would perhaps have had the same Fate as his Sister, who disappeared sud-

suddenly, and who they say is dead, though perhaps she may be far from it. At these last Words I looked upon the Chevalier with Attention, and the more I considered him, the more I found he resembled *Mademoiselle du Clos*. I afterwards made some Questions to my Neighbour, and his Answers turned my Doubts into Certitude. This Chevalier, said I within myself, is certainly the Brother of the, *Sakgame*. Before we parted I approached him, and desired him to grant me an Hour's Conversation the next Morning at his House. I would prevent your Visit, said he to me; but I rather chuse to wait for you at home, because I am to give a Breakfast to some of my Friends, and you shall be one of the Party.

I went to him the next Day about Ten in the Morning; he was then in Bed, and there was at his Bed's-head an old Lady, who immediately quitted her Place to me, and withdrew. This is she, said he in a kind of Whisper, this is that tender Mother that was spoke of Yesterday so advantageously before you; she never fails to come every Morning
and

and inform herself of the State of my Health: She would not behave so complaisantly to me, if my eldest Brother was still alive. Before his Death, this Care, this Attention was only for him; her Tenderness for me, as you see, is of no very ancient Date.

Have you always, said I, been the sole Object of her Indifference? Would to God it had been so, replied he, I should not then have lost a Sister, whom I have long lamented; and still lament every time that I recall her to my Remembrance. But added he, sighing, let us change the Discourse; you came to breakfast here, and not to be fatigued with the tedious Recital of my Chagrins, and the Affairs of my Family. And yet, Monsieur, resumed I, I only desired Yesterday this Conversation I now have with you, that I might speak to you of this Sister, whose Loss is so sensible to you. I beg you would tell me in what Manner you were separated. Monsieur, replied he, without informing myself what Interest you may have in it, I am willing to satisfy your Curiosity upon that Head.

Equally

Equally hated by our Parents, my Sister and myself, continued he, we were banished from the Paternal House ; I was shut up in a College of Monks, from whence I was not delivered till after the Death of my Brother ; and my Sister was sent to I know not what Convent, where she never arrived, since she was unfortunately killed by the Way, together with an old Domestick who conducted her. Is this Fact certainly true, interrupted I ? It is but too much, returned the Chevalier. I remember to have heard my Father say, that he had indubitable Proofs of the Assassination of her Conductor. I believe, replied I, the Death of that Man very certain ; but, perhaps, there may be Reasons for you to doubt of that of your Sister. No, no, resumed he, I cannot flatter myself that she is still living. If she was, would she have kept so long a Silence ? Besides, it is most likely she met with the same Treatment as her Guide. And this Guide, said I to him, was not he called *du Clos* ? Was not he your Governor ? And in fine, were not you and your Sister banished from your Family

mily for two Dogs, whom you designed to poison?

Oh! Heavens! cried the Chevalier, there is none in the World but my Sister who knows that Circumstance, and you can have learn'd it from her only. In the Name of God, added he all in Emotion, what is become of this dear unhappy Sister? Where is she, Monsieur? Shall I see her once more? Yes, replied I, you may see her again; but it is not a Thing to be done so easily, nor so hastily. Upon this, I related to him the Misfortunes of *Margaret du Clos*, and the History of the new *Sakgame* of the *Hurons*. The Alternatives of Fortune of this beloved Sister, drew Tears from this young Man, sometimes of Joy, and sometimes of Sorrow. He trembled at the very Idea of the Miseries, to which she must have been exposed without my Assistance. The kind of Sovereignty, in which I afterwards represented her, gave him Consolation immediately. In fine, I kept this young Man, during two Hours, in a continual Succession of Joy and Sorrow, Pleasure and Pain.

When

When I had finished the giving him an Account of the Situation in which I had left his Sister, he gave a Loose to the most grateful Expressions; he made a thousand Protestations of Friendship; he exacted from me, that I should promise to take an Apartment with him, conjuring me to dispose of his Fortune as of my own; and, in a word, to assure him that we should never part. In the Impetuosity of his Tenderness for his Sister, he would have had us set out immediately to go to her, as if it had been only to take Post for a little Journey in *France*. But I told him, that it would be sufficient at first to give the *Sakgame* Advice of the Situation in which her Brother's Affairs were, and to invite her to come to *Paris*, and share with him in his Prosperity.

We had then to let the *Sakgame* know the Intentions of the Chevalier, which was not so easy to be perform'd; nevertheless, for fear of giving him Uneasiness, I did not make him sensible of all the Difficulties of it. We writ several Letters at the same Time, in hopes that they might not all prove fruitless. I
ad.

addressed one of the Convent of the Father *Recolets* at *Quebec*, another to a Merchant of *Montreal*, who traded with the *Hurons*, and a third to the Intendant of *Canada*, to whom the young Man had it recommended by Monsieur *de Barfieux*, who had an Affection for him. Whilst we waited for an Answer, he always called me his Brother, assuring me, that it should be my own Fault if I did not become so, and saying, that he could not live a Moment without me.

We went, at the Expiration of the Week, to celebrate the Feast which he had promised to give to his Friends, and of which he was to be at the sole Expence. I have never met with any Thing so entertaining as all this gay Society invented to do Honour to the Chevalier. The Panegyrick of his Father and of his Brother was a finished Piece; the most elegant and the best turned Irony was supported throughout the whole, and this comick Discourse was pronounced with the most admirable Gravity.

The

The Feast lasted almost the whole Night, and it would have been as amusing as it was extraordinary, if these young People could have kept themselves within the Bounds of Moderation, but after a thousand Extravagancies, full of Wit, a thousand entertaining Ceremonies, tho' most of them ridiculous enough, and filled with Imprecations against the stupid Custom of Children being made subject to their Parents, one of the most giddy of them happened to say, that there was an essential Part of the Ceremony wanting ; that they ought to have Women, who, by their lamentable Shrieks, might perform the Part of those antient *Roman* Females, who were paid for weeping at Funerals. Every one applauded so noble an Imagination ; and those who were acquainted with Ladies in the Neighbourhood suitable for the Purpose, went out to fetch them. They brought us three, who certainly did not in the least imagine they came there to weep. They took the Thing, however, very gallantly, and after they had been instructed in the extraordinary Service that was expected from them, and had drank some Bum-

pers of Champaign, to prevent them from sinking under the Sorrows that their Part demanded, these tractable Creatures began to make such Lamentations, and such dreadful Shrieks, that all the Street resounded with them.

Whatever Perswasions the Master of the House could use, two or three Brigades of the Watch, drawn by this deplorable Noise, would absolutely enter the House to see particularly what was passing there. They had not to do with People disposed to approve of their Curiosity; we disputed the Entrance with them; they made Head against us at first, but they soon gave way. We pursued them into the Street, where one of our Party, following his Victory too far, dropped down, pierced with two or three Balls, which he received in his Body.

The Host, who had suffered us to act all these Follies in his House, was thrown into Prison and ruined. As to our three artificial Weepers, they were sent to weep in earnest at the Hospital. From that Time our *Coteries* were entirely demolished.

molished ; we could never renew any of our sprightly Parties, nor even be half a Dozen of us together, without being examined, followed, and pointed at by the Populace ; for they reported marvellous Things of us : Some said, that our last Assembly was wholly composed of wretched Jews in Disguise, and that if the Watch had not forced in at the Shrieks of the Women who were shut up with us, those unfortunate Creatures would have been unbaptized. Others pretended that they were Sorcerers who kept their Sabbath there, and that we had resolved, by dreadful Storms, to ruin the rest of *France*, as we had lately done several of its Provinces, particularly the *Orleanois* and *Burgundy*.

They even named an Archer of great Credit, who through the Key-Hole had perceived several Devils, who having made us sign with our Blood these terrible Commissions, had flown away up the Chimney in the Shape of Owls, leaving the Room and the whole House full of a poisonous Smell of Sulphur and Burnings. They asserted also, that the Women who had been forced into our

Company, had betrayed us by their Cries, to revenge themselves for our having caused them to be abused by *Incubus's*, to the end that all the Women who were with Child at the same Time might perish; and this Particularity was so little doubted of amongst the Populace, that it was said to have occasioned the celebrating a great Number of Masses at *Paris*, in order to avert the Calamity.

There was a *Cure of Normandy* who believed, and piously related it in his Lecture, that our Troop was the same who, the preceding Year, had held an Assembly of the same Kind in a Mill near *Muns*, during which Sabbath the Storm of Hail had almost destroyed the Town, without the falling of one Drop upon the Mill. He added, that a Woman who had been delivered up to the unclean Spirit by Force, was brought to bed soon after of a horrible Monster, who had four Arms furnished with Claws instead of Nails, and two horned Heads; and, in effect, he held out a Letter to them, in which he was informed of all these Accidents, bating some few of the Circumstances; but

but it was no moderate Use of the Privilege of an Historian, at second Hand, to add nothing of his own, but the Sorcerers, the Horns, and the Claws.

I made use of the Interruption that this Affair gave to our Assemblies, to dissuade the Chevalier from them, whom I shall still call so, tho' he had lost that Name when he became the Head of an illustrious Family. These Sort of Routs did not at all please me, as to my own Particular, and that young Man was already but too irregular in his Conduct. He took the Advice very handsomely that I gave him upon this Head, and we confined ourselves to a few Friends, of whom he condescended to leave the Choice to me.

As to us two we were inseparable, one was scarce ever seen without the other. I was more the Master in his Family than he was himself. He would have every Thing be in common between us ; and, whether it was a Want of Delicacy, or whether it was an Excess of Friendship for me, he would willingly have included his Mistress amongst the

rest. 'Tis true, that being something tired of her whom he had, he seemed desirous to yield her up to me, and chuse one for himself of the first Rank; which he could easily do then, with the great Fortune that he was become Master of by the Death of his Father; and indeed a Mediatrix, who had taken upon herself the Care of finding him out a splendid Lady, soon procured him one of those Beauties in high Taste, who know how to ruin their Admirers in an elegant Manner, whilst they teach them how to make a Figure in the World. She had not Time, however, to do the Chevalier that Honour; she dipped into his Purse for a few Days; but having perceived that the Charms which he admired were merely artificial, he was disgusted with her, and came off with losing his Earnest only.

As I loved him sincerely, I advised him to quit this Course of Life, and think rather of a solid Establishment. I know, says he, you speak thus entirely for my Interest; yet I must confess to you, that I have resolved never to enter into such an Engagement till I am turned

ed of five and twenty, and I should say forty if I was not an only Son. However, before I determine absolutely, I will consult the old Baron; I am persuaded that he will think otherwise than you do upon that Article. I know the Baron perfectly, replied I, he is like the Rat who, having lost his Tail, would have persuaded all the other Animals of his Kind, that their Tails were only Inconveniencies to them, and that they ought to get rid of them. The Baron is one of the old Court; there can be no longer any tender Sentiments in him; he detests all Women of Honour, because they refuse the Homages and Addresses that he offered to their Mothers thirty Years before. Believe me, Venial Love is a Slave, whose Society will do you no Honour, and who ought never to be admitted to our Table, but, as it is at the Baron's, for want of other Guests. As to you, Chevalier, young, handsome, and well made as you are, you ought to live differently from him. You see how little he is esteemed with all his Libertine Maxims; if the Fathers, who despise him, forbid their Children to frequent him, he would reduce his

whole Society to the Conversation of some old Debauchees as little valued as himself. He has Wit, I confess it, but his Wit is dangerous; he is entertaining, but he is not the only one who is so. You are acquainted with People whose Company is not less agreeable, and whose Friendship you need not be ashamed of.

It is not taken amiss, added I, that a young Man of Fortune, in order to know the World, tastes a little of the Pleasures that it affords. 'Tis only expected from him that he should not abandon himself to them entirely, and that there should be some Distinction in the Choice he makes of them. The Pleasures of a common Soldier are not those of a Gentleman; and yours ought to be different from those which are followed by them who have neither Birth nor Distinction in the World.

The Chevalier interrupted me in this Place. I am convinced, said he, spare yourself the Trouble of preaching any longer to me; I am struck with your Reasons, only teach me how to put your useful Lessons in Practice; I leave
you

you the Master of my Conduct. I do not desire so much of you, replied I; be perswaded only, that it is out of Friendship that I take the Liberty of speaking thus to you. I know it, returned the Chevalier, or else, added he smiling, I might have imagined you only exhorted me to Virtue that you might preserve to yourself the little *Brunette* that I have yielded up to you. He might, without any Fear of disobliging me, rally upon this Article; he who had often reproached me, that I set no Value upon his Presents, since I would not attach myself to his little *Brunette*. However, this little Pleasantry was the Occasion of my ceasing entirely to visit that Woman, who was not very unfortunate by it, since she married the Steward of the Chevalier. This Domestick, tho' he was rich, had no Repugnance for such a Wife; he thought, perhaps, their Honesty was much the same; in every Thing else she was much his Superior; she was a little, gay, sprightly Nymph, always laughing, and who had always some entertaining Story to tell us.

One Day, as she was diverting us by the Recital of the heroic Actions of a Beauty, famous for her Gallantries, I asked her, if she had ever known *La Desmarets*, that Goddess of Love, to whom I was the *Adonis* when I was sent away to *Canada*. If I have known her! cried she: It was she who gave me the first Principles of Behaviour; if I have any Knowledge of the World, if I have any Education, it is her Work. Alas! the poor Creature would not have had so melancholly an End, if she had made use herself of the Advices she gave to me; but she thought she could never want any Thing, and neglected, as we say, to lay by any Thing for a rainy Day, and with this she had too good a Heart; she had no Regard for herself when it was to serve a Friend. If she had forgot you as easily as you Men can cast off us, she would not have undone herself upon your Account.

I beseech you, said I to her, explain to me how I could be so unhappy as to occasion the Misfortune of this obliging Woman. That is what I can inform you of, replied she, for I was with her
then,

then, and my Mother was her favourite Maid: Some Days before your Departure, if you remember, you told some of your Friends, that you had a cruel Affair upon your Hands, and that the *Maltotier*, with whom you was, made you terrible Menaces. This was enough to set them upon him when they found that you was vanished; they prepared to enter a Process against him. Your Mistress, to whom you had said the same Thing, still more alarmed than they were, had the Indiscretion to interest, in your Behalf, the illustrious Lover who took care of her. This generous Nobleman did more than she required, he took the Trouble to go to the *Maltotier*, in order to question him, and to intimidate him.

The *Maltotier*, far from appearing terrified at the Menaces that were given him, answered coldly, that he was himself very uneasy for you; that your Absence disordered his Affairs infinitely, because you had not given in any Account, and that he had not dared to have your Chamber opened; tho' he wanted extremely several Papers that
were

were in it. The obliging Lover immediately sent for a Blacksmith, made the Chamber be opened, examined some Books of Accounts, which he delivered to the *Maltotier*, and then taking an Inventory of what belonged to you, he found several Toys which he had given to *La Desmarets*, with some Letters that she had writ to you, and which you had had the Imprudence to keep by you. He discovered by this the real Motive that engaged the Nymph so warmly in your Interest, and piqued to find himself duped so grossly, he resolved to punish her for her Infidelity.

You know that he is always hasty in executing what he has once resolved upon. He came the next Morning to fetch her in the Equipage that he had given her, to go, he said, and dine at the *Bois du Boulogne*, and walk there together the Remainder of the Day. When they came to *Passy*, he desired her to order the Repast herself, after which he went with her into the thickest Part of the Wood; there feigning a Necessity for it, he went from her, and immediately returning alone to *Paris*, left this un-

unfortunate Woman there without an Equipage, and without a Lover to pay for the Dinner that she had ordered. This was not all; his Love, turned into Hatred, would not be satisfied with this Revenge; he carried his Resentment so far, as to send for all her Furniture, and every Thing that he had given her, and to procure her a Lodging in that Place of Horror, whose Door is always open to those Persons who are unfaithful to Lovers that have Interest and Power.

It was there that I saw for three Years this poor Creature in a Situation worthy of Compassion. As her Bloom was passed, nobody gave themselves any Concern about her, and possessing nothing, she was not in a Condition to buy her Liberty. She received no Consolation there but from me, who not having the Money then that I have at present, could procure her but few Conveniencies in that Place of Misery. The Day which was to deliver her from her Sorrows at length arrived; she died thoroughly weaned from the World, and bitterly lamenting the Disorders of her Life.

This

This was the Relation that the little *Brunette* gave us of the Death of *La Desmarets*; which I could not hear without Emotions of Sorrow and Compassion. I had already lived a considerable Time in *Paris* in the Manner that I have related, and being tired with it, I told the Chevalier I wished extremely to see the Country that gave me Birth. I did indeed sincerely wish to hear of my poor affectionate Nurse, and particularly of my dear *Lucilia*, whom I always remembered with Pleasure. The Chevalier who received no Answers from *Canada*, opposed my Design strongly, as if by losing sight of me, he had lost all Hope of seeing his Sister again. He yielded, notwithstanding this, to my Intreaties, upon Condition that my Journey should not be above a Week or a Fortnight, and that I should go it in his Post Chaise, and be escorted by his Valet de Chambre.

I departed then, and after a Journey of some Days * I stopped in a little Town not far distant from the Village *du Mesnil*. I learnt there that the Castle
which

* 1700.

which bore that Name was inhabited only by Farmers ; that the Baron unfortunately died there four or five Years before, and that to keep in his own Possession the Estate of his first Wife, he would never marry *Lucilia*, putting off, by a thousand Pretensions, all the Matches that were offered for her ; but that, since the Death of that Nobleman, the Relations of *Lucilia*, by the Mother's Side, took her from under the Care of her Mother-in-Law, and obliged her to marry an old Batchelor, a Lieutenant General, who in four Months after, running too hastily after the Baron of a Mareschal of *France*, threw himself into a Trench, where he had found a glorious Death, together with several other brave Officers that followed him ; and that this young Widow, now become her own Mistress, was returned to the Baroness *du Mesnil*, who had retired to *Ganderon*.

As to my Nurse, I was obliged to go to her own Village to know what was become of her. They told me, that she had finished her Course some little Time before the Baron *du Mesnil*. She had

had a Daughter, added they, who disappeared when she was very young, and has never been heard of since. She has left what little Money she had to the Baroness to deliver to that Daughter, if she is ever found again; and this good Lady has had her enquired for every where. I doubted not after this but that my Nurse had made her greater Confidences, upon my Account, than she had ever done to myself, which gave me as much Impatience to speak to the Baroness, as I had to see *Lucilia* again.

What embarrassed me was, that I did not know under what Pretext I could present myself to them. I knew no Person at *Ganderon*, nor in the Country that could introduce me; and I feared making them uneasy, and passing for an Adventurer, if I attempted to go directly to them. Nevertheless, some Person telling me, that there was an Estate to sell not far from *Ganderon*, I took a Resolution of going there. This happened to be exactly the Estate of *Monneville*, which had fallen to four or five rapacious Heirs after the Death of my nearest Relation, who had taken Possession

sion of it, upon the Credit of some Certificates, which attested that the Count *de Monneville*, my Father, was killed in *Westphalia*.

I arrived at *Monneville* about two or three in the Afternoon, and my Guide made me alight at a poor little Inn that was there. I went immediately to the Castle, and whilst I was examining of it, the *Cure*, who generally answered all Questions in the Absence of the Sellers, came up to me. I had no sooner told him that I had an Intention of buying this Estate, than looking upon me already as his Patron, he overwhelmed me with Civilities. He offered me a Bed and his little Supper, with so much Frankness and so obstinate a Complaisance, that I was obliged to let him conduct me home with him. What pleased me in this good Man was, that he appeared to be a great Talker, and I judged that this Frailty would be of Service to me in my Enterprize.

After the first Compliments, which lasted near a full Quarter of an Hour, the old *Cure* looking stedfastly upon me

me,—I would give all that I possess in the World, said he to me, that this Estate might be suitable to you. You resemble so perfectly the last of the Family, to whom it belonged, before this collateral Line took Possession of it, that I should imagine I had not lost that Gentleman if I saw you in his Place. Yes, Monsieur, added he with Transport, only by seeing you, I find myself inclined to love you as I did him, and to think myself indebted to you for the Obligations I had to him. They were not small ones: It was he who made me what I am; it was he who gave me this Benefice, which is one of the best in the Province.

I should not so soon have lost that amiable Gentleman, continued he, if he would have believed me and remained here in Tranquility, without making it a Point of Honour to himself to follow the Example of his Father, to whom the Service had been fatal.

I saw plainly that it was sufficient only not to interrupt this good Priest for him never to cease speaking. I let him then

then amuse himself at full Liberty, by giving a Detail of all the good Qualities of his deceased Patron ; a Detail which I made him circumstantially repeat afterwards, when he knew the Interest I had in it. I questioned him after this upon the Nobleſſe that was near the Place, liſtning to him with an Attention that charmed him, and particularly when he was upon the Article of *Ganderon*, and that he ſpake to me of *Lucilia* and her Mother-in-Law. He told me, amongſt other Particularities, that theſe two Widows loved Retirement, and did not make that Figure in the World that they might have done with the Fortune they enjoy, the Revenue of which he did not fail to calculate to me exactly.

I knew the Baroneſs, ſaid he to me, before ſhe went to *Paris*, when ſhe was only *Mademoiſelle de Ganderon* : Good God ! how much the Convent altered her, as well as the Marriage with the *Baron du Meſnil* ! She was then exceſſively gay, always laughing, always dancing, and now her Days ſeem only compoſed of Melancholly and Uneaſineſs,

ness, though she is not yet of an Age to be obliged to renounce the innocent Pleasures of the World. As to the young Dowager, she does not appear to look upon Life with so much Indifference, not that I believe she thinks of marrying again; at least, there is no Appearance of her having such a Thought: On the contrary, she is attached so strongly to her Mother-in-Law, that I doubt whether she would quit her a second time.

You will easily suppose, pursued he, that she has been addressed by those that are most considerable in this Country: Exclusive of her Fortune she has a great Share of Merit; she is virtuous, and has been well brought up. She was, perhaps, not satisfied with her first Marriage, said I to the good *Cure*? She could not be very much so, replied he; and it was a Sin to let her wait till Five and Twenty, and then give her such an old Husband as he whom she married, by the Avidity of her Relations, who thought by that to have doubled her Estate! but Heaven punished them for

it,

it, for he died in a few Months, and she had no Child by him.

I asked the *Cure* after this if she did not think of buying *Monneville*. I believe not, said he, for they would have spoke to me of it: Yet this Estate would be very convenient to the Barones; but finding herself without Children, she makes no Acquisitions. Therefore, you may depend upon it that neither she nor her Daughter-in-law will interfere in your Purchase. Notwithstanding what the old *Cure* said to me, I thought I ought to make use of the Pretext of going to pay them a Compliment upon the Account of this Estate, and assuring them that I would think no more of it if they had the least Inclination to it. I soon made the *Cure* enter into my Views, and he offered to conduct me the next Day to *Ganderon*.

To judge of me by my Habit, I must pass for a Man of Consequence; never Gentleman upon that Spot had been dressed in one so rich as that I wore, nor even as that of the Valet de Chambre who attended me. I could not be mistaken

taken when we advanced to the two Ladies. They were walking alone, and the *Cure* began to question them by their Names, and speak to them as far as ever they could hear him. To return the Compliment which he had made them, these charming Widows received me with great Civility, and told me, that they should think themselves happy in such a Neighbour. The Ladies and I spoke very little, for the old Patriarch, who I suppose imagined he was in his Pulpit, never held his Tongue; but if our Lips were wanting, our Eyes did their Duty faithfully; those of the Baroness were constantly fixed upon me, and mine upon my dear *Lucilia*.

We had been separated so young, that it was not surprizing that she did not remember me. I had even a Difficulty to recollect her, tho' I knew it was she. This Visit passed without any Ecclaircissement, tho' I had as great a Desire for that, as they had to know who I was. The Baroness imagining that the *Cure* might instruct her in it, drew him aside to ask him that Question. She only embarrassed him by that Demand, to
which

which he answered that he was ignorant of my Name, but that he would spare no Pains to discover it. I do not remember what I said to *Lucilia* during that Time, I remember only that I was in an Agitation of Mind, which must surprize her if she perceived it.

In a few Moments after the Baronefs had quitted the Conversation of the *Cure* to enter into ours, that good Ecclesiastick embarrassed her extremely in her Turn: Madame, said he to her, looking upon me, I don't know whether my Eyes deceive me; tell me, I desire you, if in your early Youth you have never seen a Person who resembled this Gentleman. The Baronefs, who had not in the least expected this Question, was confused with it; she had but too strongly remarked the Resemblance that he spoke of. However, she answered, that she believed she might have seen some Person that I had some Features of, but that she could not remember where. Have you forgot, returned he, the Count *de Monneville*, a great Friend of your late Father's. who was killed in *Franche Comte* in Sixty-eight? He left

two Sons, of whom the eldest died almost at the same Time with himself, the youngest survived him some Years. Madame, do but consider these Features, this is certainly the living Image of that youngest Brother, I am surprized that it does not strike you as it did me. You were grown up pretty much whilst that *Monneville* lived, you have played together a hundred Times. Your Father loved him much, and regretted him extremely. As to me, I owe my little Establishment wholly to him, and I shall never forget him in my Prayers.

" I said so Yesterday to this Gentleman, added he: This Resemblance has given me such an Inclination for him, that I wish extremely he may agree for the Estate of *Monneville*. Well, Monsieur *le Cure*, said I to him, manage so that I may have it; you cannot do me a greater Service than procure me the Neighbourhood of these Ladies, and I protest to you that you shall not be less satisfied with your new Patron than you have been with him whom you regret. The Affair is entirely in your Hands,

Hands, said the Baronefs to him, you may make it fucceed if you please, fince it is you that generally receive all Offers for it. The *Cure* upon this promifed to ufe his utmoft Endeavours to bring it to a Conclufion.

At my taking Leave of thefe two Dowagers, I defired them to permit me fometimes to pay my Compliments to them whilft I remained in the Country. They answered me, that it would be doing them a Pleafure, and as it was what I earneftly wifhed, I took Care not to fail in it. The next Day was a Holiday, and I was informed that Mafs was faid at *Ganderon* at Nine o'Clock, and that the Ladies generally went there. An Impatience feized me to go thither, and make myfelf known to them. I was in the Church before them, and when they arrived, the Baronefs having perceiv'd me, fent immediately to defire me to place myfelf in their Seat.

After the Mafs, I gave them my Hand to reconduct them; and I told them, that at the Hazard of appearing impertinent, I was come to take the Liberty to beg a

Dinner of them, but in the first Place a private Conversation. They appeared astonished at my Compliment; *Lucilia* particularly seemed to appear uneasy when we entered into the Cabinet of the Baroneſs. When we were ſeated, Madame, ſaid I to the Baroneſs, you hinted Yeſterday to the *Cure of Monneville*, that he would do you a Pleaſure by informing himſelf who I was, and giving you an Account of it; whatever Enquiries he makes he can never ſucceed in it. Tho' I was born in theſe Parts, and even very near the *Caſtle du Meſnil*, where I have had the Honour of ſeeing you both for a conſiderable Time, yet am I certain I am not known here by any Perſon. This ought not to ſurprize you, ſince I quitted this Province at twelve Years old. Some few Years after I left the Kingdom, and went to the *Weſt Indies*, from whence I have not been returned many Months.

During this Voyage, which comprehends almoſt my whole Life, I have always continued in abſolute Ignorance of the Thing that was of the greateſt Conſequence for me to know, and which
now

now is the sole Reason of bringing me to this Place. I shall astonish you by saying what it is that I am ignorant of, and to whom I come to address myself to instruct me. I am ignorant who I am; and 'tis from you, Madame, said I to the Baroness, that I come to learn it, since it is to you alone that it must have been revealed, at her Death, by the only Person who knew it, I mean the Nurse who brought me up.

The Baroness was not in a Situation to answer me; she turned pale, and fainted away in the Arms of *Lucilia*, who not knowing what to think of all she saw, was in the highest Amazement. In the mean Time the Baroness recovering the Use of her Senses, and casting her half-open'd Eyes upon her: How! my Daughter, said she to her, don't you know the little Sister with whom you was brought up? Yes, Madame, said I to *Lucilia*, it was I who, under another Form, passed the first Years of my Life near you. You did me the Honour to repay with your Friendship the tender and respectful Attachment that

I had for you ; permit me to recall it to your Remembrance.

Whilst *Lucilia* recollected her Ideas, the Baroness assured her that I spoke the Truth, and on my Side I cited so many Circumstances of our Education which were only known to us, that at length suffering herself to be perswaded, and looking upon me with a confused Air, If you are that little Sister, said she to me with a Sigh, you ought to be obliged to me for many Tears that you have cost me, and which I should have been less liberal of, if I had imagined you to be of a Sex that I ought not to have loved so much, nor been so concerned for the Loss of.

They both put so many Questions to me, that I was obliged to begin that Moment the Relation of my Adventures to them, and particularly in what manner I had left the Country, nobody having ever been able to imagine where I was. During this Conversation, and as long as the Dinner lasted, I saw the young Widow, whom I can call no otherwise than *Lucilia*, fall continually
into

into a Reverie, that made me judge she still doubted of what I said. I was in Despair that she only recollected me by Degrees.

As I did not doubt but my Nurse had declared to the Baroneſs at her Death ſeveral Things that ſhe durſt not reveal to me upon Account of my Youth, I was very impatient to hear what that Lady had to ſay upon this Subject. *Lut-cilia* joined herſelf to me, to conjure her to ſatisfy ſo juſt a Curioſity; nevertheleſs, we could not prevail. Whatever Tenderneſs *Madame du Meſnil* had for her Daughter-in-Law, ſhe thought her Company ſuperfluous at an *Ecclairciſſement* in which ſhe diſtrufteſt herſelf, and was not aſſured that ſhe ſhould not diſcover more than ſhe deſired.

All that I heard from the Nurse, ſaid ſhe, was, that ſhe aſſured me that ſhe was not your Mother; that ſhe had always loved you as her own Child; and that, in fine, ſhe deſtined to you the little Fortune ſhe had, if I would condeſcend to take the Charge of it, and deliver it to you if you ever appeared in

the Province. The rest that she said to me, added the Baronefs, was Excuses for the Deceit she had put upon me, by leaving you in my Family disguised as a Girl.

Ah! Madame, said I, oblige me not by Halves. I know already what you have told me; 'tis the Remainder that I conjure you not to conceal. Fix yourself near us, replied she smiling; purchase the Estate of *Monneville*; after which, if I know any thing more, and can recollect it, I promise to impart it to you. Reflect upon the Promise that you have made me, Madame, replied I; if it is only necessary to make this Acquisition to be informed of my Birth, I shall soon summon you to keep your Word.

There was nothing now to do but to strengthen *Lucilia* in the Belief she began to give to our Discourses. A Thought struck into my Head upon that Subject, which had more Effect than all the rest; by the Help of the Baronefs's Women, I dressed myself almost as I used to be at ten Years old; after

the Chevalier de Beauchene. 175

after which I presented myself to the Ladies, and feigning to weep, I approached *Lucilia* to beg her to console me as she used to do formerly, by suffering me to kiss her Hand. Oh! now I remember her perfectly, said she to her Mother-in-Law, 'tis she herself, it is my little Sister. Do you remember, Madame, whatever Uneasiness she had, I used to comfort her by giving her my Hand to kiss; it was a Remedy for all her Grievances.

Will you condescend to remember also, said I to *Lucilia*, that you promised me to love me always? Children's Promises, replied she! Children's Promises as much as you please, replied the Baroness, I hear a Man who will very willingly help you to fulfil them. This was the *Cure* of *Monneville*, who was just arrived, and whose Voice was plainly to be heard, tho' he was only in the Court. This good Priest, at as great a Distance as he could perceive the Ladies, began to ask many Questions, without giving them Time to answer one. As to me, crying out as loud as he did, I told him, as I went up to him, that I

was at length determined to become the Lord of his Parish, let the Terms be ever so high ; this gave him so excessive a Joy, that he appeared quite transported with it. Madame, said he to *Lucilia*, setting his Hands upon his Sides, we shall soon see if my Gentleman shall be treated like the rest. Yes, young disdainful Widow, I am resolved that, in less than six Months, he shall make your Widowhood tedious to you.

This Compliment, which threw us all into a Laugh, was however very agreeable to me, and the Baroness was not less desirous than myself of the Accomplishment of this propheticall Menace, as I very soon discovered. About a thousand Crowns that I offered more than any other, put me in Possession of the Estate and Title of *Monneville*. As soon as the Agreement was made, I flew to Madame *du Mesnil*; Your Advice, said I to her, has been a Command to me ; my Residence is fixed ; I shall no more quit a Country that gave me Birth, and that has recalled me from so far. You know what Inquietude I am in, will you still leave
me

me in it? No, replied she, follow me only. At these Words she conducted me into a distant Apartment, where being alone with me, she spoke in these Terms :

Since the Title and Estate of *Monneville* is yours, I believe, I may now tell you, what I refused to discover to you some few Days since, lest the Desire of recovering it by another Method should have made you hazard Steps which would have been absolutely in vain, and which might have ruined the Characters of several People. The Compliment which is every where made you, that you resemble the late Count *de Monneville*, is not without Foundation. You are his Son. Can it be possible, Madame, interrupted I with Emotion, that that Gentleman was my Father? Yes, Monsieur, returned she, but you are under an absolute Impossibility of ever making yourself to be acknowledged as such, since you can have no other Testimony than that of your Nurse ; a Proof that will become useless to you, since she made this Confidence to me

I 5 only,

only, and told me that his Marriage was never declared.

'Tis still enough, Madame, said I, for my own particular Satisfaction, to know that I am of this illustrious Family; I shall easily console myself for not being able to make use of this Knowledge. But for Heaven's Sake proceed. Why did not the Count vouchsafe to acknowledge me? Why did she who gave me Life abandon me when I lost my Father? Had I the Misfortune to lose them both at the same Time? Was she worthy of his Tenderneſs? Who was she? That is what I cannot inform you of, replied the Baroneſs: Your Nurſe did not name her to me, and even ſaid, that ſhe had never known her. 'Tis no matter, Madam, ſaid I to her; you may make her known to me without her Aſſiſtance. You are not, perhaps, ignorant what Perſons my Father was then intimate with. Recolleſt the Time, you will inevitably find out who was my Mother.

If my Suſpicions could become a Certitude, replied the Baroneſs, what
Benefit

Benefit would you have from that Knowledge? You would, perhaps, be dear to a Person to whom you might not so much as give your Esteem; for in Fact, the Obstacles which prevented your Parents from rendering this Union publick were still subsisting, when Death took away your Father. Do you imagine, that under such Circumstances any Woman of Honour would acknowledge you publickly.

Heaven forbid, said I, Madam, that I should exact that from her Complaisance. I wish only to know this unhappy Mother, that I might console her in private for the Loss of my Father, if she is still sensible to it, to speak of it continually with her, to mix my Tears with her's, to respect her, and to love her as I ought. But, no, I am too unhappy ever to enjoy so great a Consolation. If my Mother is living, I must never know her, nor feel the Pleasure of her Embraces; I learn my Father is no more, as soon as I have learned his Name. I am even deprived of the melancholly Consolation of watering his Tomb with my Tears, since the precious

cious Remains of that brave Man are, as I have heard, in the Centre of Germany.

Alas! returned the Baroness with a deep Sigh; it is but too true that he has lost his Life, but he was not deprived of it so far distant from hence: These are Horrors which I dare not relate to you, and which I cannot think of without Terror. I saw her Tears run down whilst she pronounced these Words, which made me open my Eyes, and recollect several Actions that had escaped her.

You weep, Madam, said I to her, you weep in speaking to me of the Death of my Father: Suffer me to explain myself, and to say what I think: The Dread you have lest I should suspect those with whom my Father was intimate before my Birth; the Share you take in what regards me; the Situation you were in when I first made myself known; even your very Looks at this Moment, discover the Truth. Can I be deceived by so many Proofs? No, Madam, no, my Heart tells it me with
still

still greater Certitude, you are, you are my Mother.

I threw myself at her Feet as I spoke this. She was more dead than alive, and made me no Reply but by embracing me. After a long Silence, more expressive than any Words, she made me rise, and related to me in what Manner, after having promised the Count *de Monneville* she would be only his, she had been obliged to determine upon marrying the Baron *du Mesnil*, believing with the rest of the World that the Count had been killed in *Germany*.

The Baroness afterwards said to me, I should have known you in your Infancy, if your Nurse had not disguised your Sex to me, because your Features even then recalled to my Memory those of the Count; and that I knew perfectly the Woman to be the same to whom I confided you at your Birth; but I durst never attempt to ask her whether you were alive; it was not till her Death that I was informed of all. 'Tis now four or five Years since, that having fallen dangerously ill, she sent to tell

tell me, that she wished to speak to me in private. The Baron *du Mesnil*, who was then alive, conducted me to her; and waited above an Hour in the Coach, whilst this good Woman related to me the History of your Birth, which I knew at least as well as herself. But when she informed me that her Daughter being dead, she had taken you in her Place, and brought you up under my Eyes as such, judge of my Astonishment. It equalled the Agony I felt, when she told me afterwards in what Manner your Father had been killed almost at the Gate of the Castle *du Mesnil*, by the Baron himself. I was immoveable, and almost without Sentiments, whilst she gave this cruel Detail; and I had scarce Strength to hold out my Hand to her, to receive the *Portefeuille* of the Count, in which, besides his own Writings, I saw some Letters which I had sent to him.

The Baron, who waited with Impatience for me at the Door, was something surprized to see me return in the Situation I was in. Happily the melancholly Duty I had been paying to
this

this good Woman, appeared to him the only Cause of my Emotion. I did not return one Word to the Complaints he made of the Length of my Visit; and I could not cast my Eyes upon him without shivering with Horror. He was my Husband, but he was also the Assassin of the Man to whom I had given my Faith. Whatever Efforts I made to conceal from him my Uneasiness, and the invincible Aversion I had for him, he perceived it; and if he had not died almost as soon as the Nurse, we must inevitably have lived very ill together; but happily for me he was struck with a mortal Disorder, and had only Time to regulate the Affairs of his Conscience.

This sudden Stroke of Heaven touched me; but instead of being moved with my Tears, the last Words that he addressed to me were, to felicitate me upon my approaching Liberty, and to complain of my Behaviour to him. The Baroness here ceased to speak, and I addressed myself to her thus: Madam, said I, I look upon the Happiness of knowing you to be my Mother, as the
greatest

greatest that could have happened to me. You may dispose of me more absolutely than if all human Laws submitted me to your Power; and the first Favour that I presume to beg of you, in the Quality of a Son, is to permit me to remain always with you. She was transported to see me have that Design, and told me that her's was to attach me so strongly to her, that the knowing her should not prove fruitless to me. She declared to me, that she wished to unite me to *Lucilia*, to whom she desired me never to communicate what she had informed me of, not even after our Marriage, if she should make it succeed.

She founded the young Dowager upon that Head, and she confessed to her that she had the same Inclinations, and that she should be pleased with having her little Sister for her Husband: But that the Thing appeared impossible to her, as her Family, who had so great an Interest in her not marrying again, would certainly dispute upon my Incapacity of shewing Proofs of my Name, my Family, my Quality, and my Country. The Baroneſs told her, that effectively

fectively she foresaw Difficulties on that Head ; but that she believed I should easily find Methods to obviate them, when it was come to that Crisis.

I was admitted into their little Counsels, and gave a thousand tender Thanks to *Lucilia* for the Goodness she expressed to me. To answer the Difficulties that they proposed to me, I told them that I only required their Permission to make a Journey to *Paris*, that I would engage some of the Friends that I had there to let me pass for their Relation, and revive in me some extinct Branch of their Family ; that, together with this, I might buy a Post in the Household, which would put me upon a Footing that might prevent the Relations of *Lucilia* from opposing my Happiness. They applauded my Design, and I prepared immediately for my Departure, in order to execute it.

I had no great Treasure left, and I could depend only upon the Friendship of the Chevalier, who had made me a thousand Offers of Service. I expected that he would be my Security, for what
I might

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I might take up. I did not however put him to this Trial, as the Baroness, when she wished me a good Journey, put into my Chaise a strong Box, in which I found forty thousand Livres in Gold, and in Bills of Exchange.

My Absence had appeared very long to the Chevalier. I found him in Despair at not having heard from his Sister. He would absolutely go in Search of her himself amongst the Savages. It was not without great Difficulty that I promised him that I would accompany him, if there was an absolute Necessity of it. As soon as he knew my approaching Marriage, and what brought me to *Paris*, he went with me to *Versailles*, where he soon procured me an Employment capable of dazzling the Eyes of the whole Province ; but then the Purchase of it, I must own, cost me almost all my Finances. I caused Liveries to be made for me the same as the Chevalier, and a magnificent Equipage to appear in at *Monneville* ; an Equipage so rich, and so splendid, that like that of *Phaeton*, it was sufficient alone

alone to make Envy silent, or more properly to excite it.

A certain Air of Grandeur and Opulence imposes infinitely upon the Provincials. All my Vassals were for several Days under Arms, and I recompensed their Zeal with Generosity. Nothing was spoke of but the Count *de Monneville*; they did not so much as reflect, that I was to have any other Name. I made my Visits immediately in great State, and they were received by me in as elegant a Manner as they would have been by the Governor of the Province. My whole Conversation was of the Lords of the Court, and I strove to insinuate that no body had more Credit there than I had. To another, I said, that this Country pleased me, that I should buy and build there. I acted this Part with regret, but it was necessary to me. The Relations of *Lucilia*, dazzled like the rest with my splendid Appearance, thought themselves too happy that I condescended to enter into their Family, upon which they flattered themselves that I should attract the gracious Influences of *Versailles*.

We

We did not, however, think it proper to let the Thing cool; whilst the *Cure of Monneville* proposed my Hand to *Lucilia*, who feigning a Surprize desired Time to consider upon it: I visited her Relations, and solicited their Suffrages with an Air of Politeness, and yet with that Confidence which those have who do not fear a Refusal. My Pretensions did not displease them. I feigned that, on my Side, I must have the Approbation of some Relations that I had at *Paris*; and I writ to the Chevalier, that I desired him to perform the Promise he had made me, to come to my Marriage as a Relation, with two of our mutual Friends, whom I had engaged to be of the Party.

They came all three so magnificently dressed, and with so great a Train, that by endeavouring to do me Honour, they would have discovered our innocent Deceit, if there had been any Genealogist in the Country, since making a Figure as Men of the first Quality, the Chevalier always called me Brother, and the others their Cousin. I explained to the Ladies this pretended Fraternity, by informing

the Chevalier de Beauchene. 189

forming them that the Chevalier had never called me otherwise since we had known each other, having had a Design to marry me to a Sister he had in *New-France*.

The Nuptials were celebrated at *Ganderon*, with a Pomp and Magnificence that they had not been accustomed to see in that Part of the World. We departed some few Days after, all together to *Paris* to pass the Winter there; the Baroness, my Mother, fell ill; and as there are not Physicians in great Plenty there, she had very near lost her Life. This rendered that City so odious to the two Ladies, that they conjured me to carry them back into the Country.

I had also so true a Taste of that Life of Tranquility which I passed with them in the Province, that I was soon tired of my Employment. I desired the Chevalier to dispose of it for me, and to obtain the Permission of the Court. He did me that Service very willingly, upon Condition that I should make a Voyage to *Canada*, as I had promised him. It was in vain that I had endeavoured
to

to excuse myself, and represented to him the Repugnance that Madame *de Monneville* would have to consent to it, it was impossible to resist his Persecutions, he even carried them so far as to procure an Order for my going there from the King himself, by the Hand of Monsieur *Pontchartrain*; who, to oblige me to it still more inevitably, ordered the Price of my Charge to be put in Trust, not to be delivered to me till my Return. I saw plainly that I must absolutely buy my Repose by this last Step; I resolved upon it therefore, against the Sentiments of *Lucilia*, who, to disappoint the Voyage, would willingly have abandoned our Money to the Depository.

Before our Departure, the Chevalier made a large Provision of all that I told him would be suitable for the Presents he designed to make to the Subjects of the *Sakgame* his Sister; he unfurnished several Shops of Gunsmiths, Glass-sellers, Ironmongers, and other Trades, not to mention the Toys of the *Palais*. I am certain he carried off above the Value of

ten

ten thousand Crowns in those trifling Wares.

As we came through *Amboise*, our Post-Chaise overturned ; I came off with some slight Contusions on the Head, but the Chevalier broke his Arm. An Apothecary, who was in the Place, not being willing to undertake the setting of it, we were obliged to send for a Surgeon from *Tours* ; we had no Time to lose ; our Merchandizes were embarked at *Nantes*, and they waited only for a favourable Wind to set sail. It was impossible to think of exposing the Chevalier to the Fatigues of the Sea, in the Condition he was in ; I advised him to stay at *Amboise* till he was perfectly recovered, and let me continue the Route, assuring him, that if I made the Voyage alone, I could perform it in much less Time than if he was with me. He delivered me, therefore, my Letters of Credence, and I parted from him.

When I arrived at *Quebec*, I was informed, by the Intendant, and at the *Recolet's*, that upon our Letters from *Paris* they had taken all possible Methods

thods to discover what was become of Mademoiselle *du Clos*, without any Person's having been able to find her out, tho' they had her sought after by the Missionaries, and by the Soldiers whom they had sent, to the Places which we described. I was obliged, therefore, to resolve upon continuing my Voyage, without knowing myself that I should find her where I had left her. I loaded upon several Canoes the Bales and the Cases destined for her little Court, and I embarked for *Montreal*, where I proposed to leave them, rather than run the Hazard of carrying them at an Uncertainty so long and so difficult a Way.

Before I went farther myself I determined to wait some Days there, instead of risking, perhaps in vain, the most fatiguing Part of the Journey. Whilst I rested there, I sent two very intelligent Men, who were acquainted with the Route, to the Fort where I had resided, with Letters for the Persons to whom I had sold my Habitation; not doubting but the young Man that I had known there still kept up some Commerce with the

the *Sakgame* whom I had made known to them, and could inform me concerning her.

Whilst I waited for their Return I had long and frequent Conferences with the Abbess of *Notre-Dame at Montreal*. I was desir'd to see her by one of her Relations, who was a Friend of the Chevalier's. She was a Religieuse worn by Infirmities, who, with a Zeal beyond all Example, had supported the most dreadful Fatigues, to carry the Light of Faith amongst the most savage Nations, where she had seen two of her Nieces, who followed her every where, seized and torn to Pieces by these furious *Catechumens*. She was called, as I remember, *Bourgeois*; she was of a noble Family in *Champagne*, and had been the first Abbess of her Convent.

I remember that this pious Lady shed a Torrent of Tears, when I read to her the Answer that I received as to *Mademoiselle du Clos*. It was writ by the Hand of that young Man who had accompanied me to the *Hurons*, and it was conceived in these Terms:

VOL. II.

K

“ You

“ You have made a long Voyage in
“ vain, if you come only in search of
“ *Mademoiselle du Clos*. The Autho-
“ rity of the King, by whose Com-
“ mand it is said you are come, is of no
“ Force with her; laid in the Grave, she
“ no longer acknowledges any mortal
“ Power. This incomparable Woman
“ did not long survive your Departure
“ from this Country. Her Death has
“ been fatal to many Persons, and would
“ have proved so to me, if it had been
“ recent when I was last in that Canton
“ of the *Hurons* where she reigned. The
“ *French* whom you saw with her, to
“ the Number of Twenty-five, were
“ the greatest Part of them sacrificed
“ upon her Tomb. 'Tis thought that
“ she foresaw these melancholly Effects
“ of the Love they bore her; as during
“ her Sickness, she sent several of them
“ into these Parts upon different Pre-
“ texts. They say, that amongst the
“ rest she would have done that Service
“ to her Missionary, and that she had
“ charged him with several Letters for
“ you and for her Family; but that, as
“ he refused to abandon her whilst there
“ was any Hope of her Recovery, he
“ de-

“ departed too late. It is supposed that
“ he was fetched back again and killed,
“ for he has never appeared. This is not
“ all, Monsieur ; eight of the most amia-
“ ble young Women who were about
“ her, resolved also to follow her into the
“ other World, to serve her and keep
“ her Company : The *Sakgame* in vain
“ conjured them to renounce such de-
“ testable Maxims, but she could not
“ prevail ; for as she was expiring, she
“ heard those who would not survive
“ her, regulating their Affairs to go to
“ the other World, as we would do in
“ this to take a Journey of fifty Leagues.
“ What she thought the best she could
“ do, in her last Moments, for these
“ unhappy faithful Women, was, that
“ she assured them that in the Country
“ of the Dead, she would receive none
“ into her Company but those who were
“ Christians as she was. This engaged
“ many who had not already embraced
“ the Faith, to have themselves solemn-
“ ly baptized before they died. Since
“ that Time, Monsieur, there does not
“ pass a Day without several of the Sa-
“ vages going to smooke upon her Grave,
“ and asking her with a loud Voice, if
K 2 “ she

“ she stands in need of any thing. It
 “ was perhaps the Zeal and Affection
 “ with which I performed this Cere-
 “ mony, that saved me from being a
 “ Sacrifice. They were pleased with
 “ me for it, and particularly appeared
 “ enchanted with my Tenderness, when
 “ they saw me lay upon her Grave my
 “ Money, my Sword, my Knife, and
 “ all the little Toys I had about me,
 “ promising them to come frequently
 “ to offer such Presents to her. If you
 “ have the least Doubt, Monsieur, of
 “ what I relate to you, take a sufficient
 “ Escort, and I will accompany you to
 “ the very Place.”

I do not believe 'tis possible to be
 more touched than I was, when I heard
 this News and the Accounts that were
 given me by the two Men who brought
 it. They told me, that this valuable
 Woman was not less beloved by the
French than by the Savages ; and that
 in all the Families to which I had sent,
 there was not a Person who could men-
 tion her without Tears in their Eyes.
 All that Mademoiselle *du Clos* had said
 to me of the Attachment that the *Hu-*
rons

rons had for her, did not suffer me to doubt a Moment of the Truth of what I heard. I was tempted a thousand times to send to so grateful a People all the Presents that I had brought for them; and I should certainly have done so, if the Effects had belonged to me. But I knew not whether the Chevalier would approve of it; and I exchanged them all for Skins, which were of no Service to him notwithstanding, since the Vessel, on which I embarked to return into *France*, was attacked near the great Bank of *Newfoundland*, and taken by the *English*.

We were conveyed to *Boston* in *New England*. Two Passengers, who were taken Prisoners with me, hinted to the Captain that I must be a Man of Distinction, since I was known to *Louis* the XIVth, and came by his Orders into *Canada*. This obliged the *English* to treat me severely, putting me upon the most laborious Tasks; and when I could support them no longer, letting me repose myself in a noisome Dungeon. They used me in this Manner to constrain me to redeem myself by a Ran-

som of a hundred thousand Livres, which they had the Insolence to demand of me, and of the Gentleman who was with me.

The Captain of the Vessel that you have taken, bought us there as Slaves are bought, in Hopes doubtless of gaining more than the Price that we cost him. He has forced us along with him, above a Year, to *Jamaica* and upon the Coasts of *Africa*. We wished that he might have carried us into *England*, because he would have found there People who are acquainted with all the great Families in *France*, and who would have undeceived him upon our Account. But, Thanks to Heaven! our Ransom is now paid; for I have not the least Imagination, that you will set a Price upon the Liberty that you have procured for us. We have all the Gratitude for it that is possible, and that is all that a generous Heart demands.

The End of the FIFTH BOOK.

THE



THE
ADVENTURES
OF THE
Chevalier de Beauchene.

The Continuation of the History
of the Chevalier DE BEAUCHENE.

BOOK VI.

He meets two English Vessels appointed to guard the Coasts, who take him Prisoner. To recover his Liberty he forms a Project, which fails of Success. He is put ashore with his Companions at the Foot of a Rock in the Desarts of Guinea, where they are left without

Provisions, and without Arms. After running through a thousand Dangers, Beauchene, with two of his Companions, arrives at Cape Coast, where he falls again into the Hands of the Captain who took him before. He is shut up in a Dungeon, and afterwards set at Liberty. He is conveyed to Judda, where he is kindly received by Monsieur de Chamois, Governor of the French Fort, who engages him in an Attempt to ravage the Princes-Island. A Detail of that Expedition. Several Descents made by Beauchene upon the Coasts of Brasil. The Seizure of a Captain of one of the Guarda Coastas. A Price set upon the Head of the Chevalier de Beauchene by the Governor of Rio Janeiro. He takes a considerable Prize. The Valour of the Portuguese. He, accompanied by several other Privateers, join the Troops commanded by Monsieur Cassart. They go to ravage Montserrat. The Consequences of that Expedition.



LL my Privateers were so charmed with the History of *Monneville*, that they assured him they would willingly consent that we should return directly to *Senegal*, and even to the *Canaries*, from whence it would be easy for him to return into *France* through *Spain*. Nevertheless, after this first Emotion of Kindness, a Council was held upon this Subject, and it was judged to be more proper to continue to cruize upon the Coasts of *Africa* for some Time, that we might meet with some other Prize, and then go to sell them together at *St. Domingo*, where he would not fail of Opportunities of returning to *France*, or to *Cadix*, in case we made any considerable Capture.

We were near a Month without meeting any thing; after which, about the Height of *Boufaut*, we discovered two *English* Ships. I took them at first to be Merchant Ships, and did not know them to be Men of War, stationed upon the Coast, till they came up to us. I tacked about immediately to have avoided them, but one of the two, a
fine

fine light Frigate, of forty Guns and three hundred Men, came up with us, after a Chace of twelve Hours. We defended ourselves from Midnight, when we were attacked, till Ten in the Morning, always upon the Retreat. I was obliged then to strike in spite of myself, our Vessel being so disabled that it was impossible to work her. The second *English* Ship, named the *Carbuncle*, of fifty Guns, came up to us after the Combat, and we were put on board of her.

There were already a great deal of good Company in her Hold, and amongst the rest near three hundred *French*, who had been taken in the *Cesar Corsair* of *Nantes*, commanded by the valiant Captain *Cazali*, a *Creolian* of *St. Christopher's*. I had seen him in *America*, and when he knew that it was I that they were putting in Irons, he came to make me his Compliment of Condolance. As to himself, he was at full Liberty in the *English* Ship; he eat with the Officers, and was a Party in all their Amusements.

For

For fear of a Sickness, and for our Necessities, we were permitted to come upon the Deck two at a Time, and take the Air there. I was always there with *Monneville*, and as neither we nor Monsieur *Cazali* had yielded to the *English* without having made a great Havock amongst them, we remarked that there were fewer Men in the *Carbuncle* than there were Prisoners. We imparted this Observation to the few Privateers that were remaining, and in Concert with them we began to excite the *French* to revolt. I represented to them, that nothing was more easy than to make ourselves Masters of the Vessel, if we attacked the Company by Night, and in a proper manner; that after this we might easily retake our own Vessels, and perhaps the *English* Frigate.

The Love of Liberty animated them all as much as it did me; but they found the Difficulty of recovering it much greater than I represented it. By running through continual Dangers a Privateer accustoms himself to think them less than they really are, and to despise them. It is not the same with all other Soldiers.

Our

Our greatest Embarrass was, that we had no Arms. I told them upon that Head, that if Monsieur *de Cazali* would not assist us to get them by Surprise, I would take upon myself to furnish them with them, being satisfied I could break open the Chest of Arms when we were upon the Deck.

When they had all given me their Word of Honour, I communicated our Design to Monsieur *Cazali*, who approved it; but when I told him, that the Success depended more upon him than us, and that we could do nothing unless he procured us the Keys of the Chest of Arms, which it would be easy for him to get in the Night, by stabbing the Man who kept them: My dear Chevalier, said he to me, pressing me by the Hand, I will keep your Secret, because I don't think myself obliged to reveal it, but I cannot be of your Party. What is Address and Courage in you, in me will be Perfidy and Baseness. As a *French* Man I wish you may succeed, and as a Man of Honour I cannot betray an Enemy, who spares my Life, and trusts his with me.

I can-

I cannot blame you, returned I to Monsieur *Cazali*, however prejudicial your Delicacy is to us. Keep our Secret then ; I will not abandon my Enterprize, tho' the Event, which you might render infallible, becomes doubtful without your Assistance.

Every one knows, that during the Night one half of the Ship's Crew watch, and that they relieve each other every four Hours ; we choose the midst of one of these Watches to strike our Blow. There were about half a Dozen Privateers who had found Means, as I had done, to get off their Irons ; I had more Dependance upon them than all the rest. When the appointed Hour was come, I took one of the strongest, with whom going upon Deck, at Two in the Morning, as if to breathe a little Air, we threw down the Scuttles, into the Hold, the two Sentinels who guarded us, and they were immediately stifled. After this I seized upon a large Iron Crow, with which I broke open the Chest of Arms at the second Blow.

The

The great Noise that I made by this undid us. The sudden Alarm that this gave in the Vessel had two bad Effects for us ; it awaken'd the *English*, who put themselves in a Posture of Defence, and terrified the *French* who remained in the Hold, and who, not daring to come out, let forty or fifty of us, who had mounted the first, be overpowered by Numbers. What compleated our Defeat was, that after we had killed about twenty of the *English*, amongst whom was their Captain-Lieutenant, I received several Blows upon the Head, which stunned me, and threw me backwards amongst the Crowd. All my Privateers were treated in the same manner, so that there being no Person to command, nor to lead on the *French* who were remaining, we yielded up the Victory to the *English*. Thus when *Monneville* came up from the Hold, where I had sent him, to conjure the *French* not to abandon us, he found only a Handful defending themselves, whom he advised to retire with the rest, rather than throw away their Lives thus fruitlessly.

As

As soon as it was Day, the Officers of both the Vessels assembled on board the *Carbuncle*, and the Result of the Council of War that was held upon our Account was, that all the Prisoners should be separated, divided into the four Vessels, and laid in Irons, and that the Authors of the Revolt should be hanged at the Yards. They were soon discovered, and I was named to act that foolish Part, with *Monneville* and three of the Privateers.

We must inevitably have suffered that infamous Death but for Monsieur *Cazali*, who represented strongly to our Judges the Consequences of such a Sentence, which, in fact, was contrary to the Laws of Nations, and those of War, as he convinced them by their own Articles ; since it is always permitted to Prisoners to escape if it was in their Power, as it is to a Bird to fly from its Cage if it is not kept shut. In fine, he harangued them so pathetically, that he saved us from the Rope by the Force of his Eloquence.

But

But the *English*, who were unwilling we should lose by it, resolved within themselves to make us ample Retribution. They prepared themselves for it at Leisure, and fixed at length upon a Method of destroying us as certain, but more excusable. They set us ashore not long after in the Desarts of *Guinea*, at the Foot of a steep Rock the Evening before *Shrove-Tuesday*, in the Year 1711, where they left us without Provisions, without Arms, and each of us covered only with an old Shirt of blue Linnen. I remember when we were going down into the Long-Boat, where thirty Soldiers well armed waited to escort us, Monsieur *Cazali* said, holding out his Hand to me, Adieu, my poor Chevalier, thy Business is done ; if thou escapest the Paws of the Lions, it will be to die with Hunger, or else to appease that of the Negroes ; recommend thy Soul to God, my Friend.

Don't give yourself any Concern, Monsieur, replied I, if these Negroes are fierce and vulgar, we shall tame them and ennoble them. In my own Particular, I will People this Savage Land
with

with Chevaliers. This was on my Part entirely Rhodomontade. I was like those obstinate insolent Children, who when they are deprived of any Toy that they like, say they are tired of it. I was very sensible that being at a great Distance from *Cape Coast*, and still farther from *Judda*, we could never arrive thither through so many Dangers, and that we should be infallibly devoured either by the Negroes or the Wild Beasts.

At the Time when they had made us that uncivil Compliment that we were five of us to be hanged, I had artfully conveyed a Lancet from the Surgeon that attended us, and had concealed it in the Sleeve of my Shirt, with a Design of making use of it to dispatch the first *Englishman* that should pretend to put the Rope about my Neck, and immediately to procure myself the guilty Honour of perishing bravely by a Weapon, in spite of all the Power of my Enemies. These were the horrid Maxims that I had learned from the Savages, the Privateers, and from the *English* themselves. This Instrument remained
with

with me when we were set ashore ; thus I carried in my Sleeve our whole Arsenal.

It was no easy Labour for us to gain the Top of the Rock before it was Night. When we were there, we looked towards the Land to see if we could spy some Trees, from whence we might make ourselves Staffs to defend us, at least for some Time, from the Wild Beasts ; but we perceived not the least Bush. We resolved, however, not to advance any further, and to pass the Night there, each of us watching in our Turn to avoid any Surprize.

My Companions reflecting upon our deplorable Situation, melted into Tears, and almost strove who should despair the most : If we are not devoured this Night, said they, To-morrow we must perish in the Sands with Thirst and Heat, or else serve as Food to the Negroes through whose Cantons we are obliged to pass to reach *Judda*, and who spare none of the Whites who fall into their Hands. How can we escape so many Dangers ? Death was not the
greatest

greatest Evil that the *Englisb* could have inflicted upon us. We should now have been at Liberty, but for the indiscreet Kindness of Monsieur *de Cazali*.

As to me, said *Monneville*, by recovering my Liberty I am ruined. I am in a Condition now that makes me wish to be in Chains. 'Tis done, my dear Friend, said he to me, we shall never more see *Canada* nor *France*. How deplorable will be the Fate of my Wife! added he: She must, like my Mother, now pass her Life in Tears, and in Expectation of the Return of a Husband whom she must never see again.

Though I saw as plainly as they did that our Ruin was unavoidable, yet I resolved to personate the Hero, and to console them. Do not let us throw off our Courage, said I to them; Dejection and Despair are the greatest Evils to those who are in such an Extremity as we are now. Patience and Resolution, my Friends! with those Qualities all Difficulties are to be overcome. We have only this Night to dread the Beasts. To-morrow we shall make us Clubs that
may

may be sufficient for our Defence. As to the Negroes, we ought rather to seek them out than to avoid them ; they will either receive us and grant us Provisions, or else, more cruel than their Tygers, they will attack us. Do you imagine we are to be pitied in either of these Cases ? In the first, we shall be preserved ; in the second, we will sell them our Lives most dearly, and lose them like Men of Courage. Is it not our Destiny ? Believe me, the Arrows of a Savage will give you no more Pain, than the Musket Bullet of an *English* Lord, or a *Portuguese* Cavalier.

After this I conjured them to repose themselves without any Fear, whilst I would be the first that watched ; this they refused to do. I lay down therefore to give them an Example, and I told them to wake me when it was their Turn to sleep. I did not find myself any more disposed to Rest than they were ; but I was unwilling they should perceive, that whilst I strove to reassure them, I was not less terrified than themselves. Their Complaints moved me, and my Face was covered with Tears,
which

which I hid by crossing my Hands upon my Forehead. It was the second time in my Life, that it had ever happened to me to weep.

Nevertheless, as our Fear made us all keep a profound Silence, I believe I should have fallen asleep, if my Comrades had not advertised me that they saw a monstrous Animal coming towards us. This was a Lion, whose enormous Size we could easily distinguish. He was not above fifty Paces from us, and he looked upon us with Eyes full of Fire. I placed myself at the Head of the Troop, exhorting them above all things not to straggle from each other. You are in no present Danger, said I to them; this Monster cannot come to you before he has taken away my Life; and he cannot dispatch me so fast, but I shall have Time to pierce him in the Throat with my Lancet.

The Lion not seeing us move, advanced very gently within Pistol Shot of us, as curious to see us nearer, as we were dissatisfied with his Curiosity. I believe he would have carried it so far
as

as to have flown upon us, if two or three of our Comrades had not given a loud Shriek at the Sight of a Tyger, which passed by on the other Side. These two Animals, terrified at a Noise so new to them, took their Flight, and left us to recover ourselves a little from the Fear that they had given us.

We saw nothing during the remainder of the Night, and as soon as the Day appeared we began our Journey across the Land. After a March of four Hours, we found some Trees, under which we thought proper to make a Halt to strip two of them of their Bark, of which we made each of us a kind of Cap in the Form of a Gondola almost, and without which it would have been impossible to support the burning Heat of the Sun, which began to rise upon the Horizon. After this we continued our March ; but unfortunately for us, we continually met with Sands in which we sunk up to the Knees, and which were so burning that we were obliged to run as we passed through them.

We

We made a long Journey the first Day, because we had our full Strength, and we did not begin to feel the Effects of Hunger till the Evening. We laid amongst the Reeds upon the Bank of a fordable River, where we had a Night as damp as the Day had been hot. The Dew was so abundant, that in the Morning our Shirts were entirely wet. The Experience I had made in *Ireland* of the Truth of that Aphorism, which says, that something must be always given to the Stomach, made me taste of several different Sorts of Leaves of Trees and Reeds, which I made a Provision of before I departed, lest we might fall into some Desart where we should not have even that Resource. We only sucked the Juice of them that Day; but we eat of them the next, because none of us had been able to sleep in the Night.

Having taken a little to the Right, that we might not go too far from the Sea, we perceived at some Distance a Hill entirely covered with Trees. We immediately turned our Steps towards it, with a Design of passing the Night there;

there ; and when we arrived at it, after two or three Hours walking, we heard before us a Noise like the Strokes of a Woodman. We advanced gently towards the Place from whence it came, and we saw that it was a Negroe, who was making Incisions into the Palm Trees, as I had seen them do to the Maples in *Canada*.

These Incisions are made in the Maples when the Sap rises ; they let the Juice flow from Ten a-Clock in the Morning till Four in the Afternoon ; and there are some of these Trees, which during that Time, will yield several Gallons of Water, from which they extract a Sugar, which they pretend to be much better for the Stomach than that of the Islands.

We discovered in the midst of a beautiful Valley a large Village of Negroes, composed of above three hundred *Cases*, or Huts ; and between us and the Village six or seven hundred Men, who advanced to meet us armed with Bows and Arrows. The main Body of the Troop marched gravely,
as

as to an important Battle; and about a hundred young Fellows, tall and well limb'd, running before the rest as the Forlorn Hope of the Army, approach'd us leaping and capering, and disappearing like Shadows at the least Motion we made; or rather like a Flock of Starlings who see some Boys appear. At length these Negroes encouraging themselves by degrees, drew nearer and nearer to us; but still keeping upon their Guard, they held their Bows bent, examined us for a Moment, and then took their Flight.

I said to my Comrades, that if they attack'd us, we must throw ourselves into the Midst of them, kill as many of them as we could, and die like Men of Honour. In a Word, my Friends, said I to them, imitate me, and do only what you see me do. We advanced however very slowly, with an humble and timid Look, half stooping, and leaning upon our Clubs, as if we had been quite exhausted. I say our Clubs, for we had provided ourselves with them from the Trees whose Bark served us as Hats. Our Countenances expressed

so much Weakness and Timidity, that these People must have been Cowards beyond all Expression to have the least Fear of us.

When they were about twelve Paces from our little Troop, one of the most considerable amongst them made a certain Cry, which obliged all his People to halt, and at the same Time to keep Silence. Then by a generous Effort he left the Rank and advanced towards us. I remarked, however, that Nature overpowered him; for this Black Hero trembled, though above two hundred Negroes held their Bows bent, and were ready to shoot upon the first Signal. He held out his Hand to me, and I presented mine to him. He pressed the End of my Finger with his, saying to me, *Kio Kio paw*. I repeated the same Words at all Events, and putting my Hand to my Mouth, to make him understand that we wanted Provisions, I perceived that he comprehended what I wished to say to him. He turned towards his People, and having told them, I suppose, that we were unhappy Wretches from whom they had nothing

to fear, those amongst them who had the most Courage, had the Boldness to come in their Turns and press the End of our Fingers, saluting us with their *Kio Kio paw*. At length the Multitude grew valiant, and we were obliged to spend above a Quarter of an Hour in receiving and returning the Compliment composed by these Words.

To let us see that they comprehended we were dying with Hunger, some amongst them detached themselves from the rest, and ran to the Village to prepare us something to eat. To follow them thither we were obliged to press through a new Crowd of Men and Women, who were eager to gaze upon us. We would willingly have stood the Test of their Looks, if our Stomachs had been full; but their Curiosity seemed very importunate to us in the Condition we were in. We arrived, however, at length, at a large *Cafe*, before which they had placed a prodigious Quantity of dried Fish, which seemed to be destined for us.

We all seated ourselves near the *Cafe*, where redoubling the most expressive Gestures to shew our Hunger, we had the Consolation at last to see them serve us with those small Fishes, which, however, they did not suffer us to touch till they had performed the Ceremony of the *Calumet*. What was most happy for us was, that we satisfied ourselves without any ill Consequences attending it; in the first Place, because the Bones, which we certainly should not have had Patience to pick out, happened to be small and eatable; and secondly, because our Fishes were fryed in Palm Oil, and that we drank at the same Time of the Wine made of the Juice of the Tree: This elegant Entertainment soon began to disgust us, and prevented us from taking too much.

During our Repast, besides the Crowd that was about us, the neighbouring Trees were entirely black as well as the Tops of the *Cafes*, there being such a Number of Negroes perched every where to examine us attentively. A little Incident that I shall relate, will shew the Warlike Nature of this People. My
Club

Club by Accident dropp'd out of my Hand, I stooped hastily to take it up, and this Movement of mine give such an Alarm, that they almost in general took their Flight; those who were upon the Trees leaped down immediately to escape, with as much Eagerness as if an Enemy's Army was come upon them. They reassured themselves, however, by degrees, and again drew near us.

When I saw that far from designing to do us Harm, they regarded us as People of whom they stood in Fear, I laid down my Club, and mixing myself amongst them, I began by Signs to enter into Conversation with some of the most intelligent of them. I made them apprehend that we had been robbed at Sea, stripp'd, and expos'd upon their Coasts. For to shew us that they had understood us, they immediately gave us their Alms in abundance, every one according to his Power, in Feathers, Ivory, Shells, and other Things of the same Nature. As I named to them several times *Cape Coast* and *Judda*, to enquire of them the Way and the Distance, they answered me by

their Actions and Gestures, that the Rout to *Judda* was not practicable by Land, and that we should want only five Risings of the Sun to reach to *Cape Coast*; but that towards the End of the first Day we should meet with a Village of Negroes with whom they were at War, who were the most cruel in the whole Country, and who would infallibly devour us.

They offered us some of their Bows and Arrows to defend ourselves against their redoubtable Neighbours; but I made them a Sign that my Comrades could not make use of those Arms. As to myself, I took one of their Bows, which seemed to me to be the strongest, and making them all stand at a Distance, I shot an Arrow into the Air which amazed them extremely, by rising considerably higher than theirs, and falling streight down at my Feet. They made me shoot several others against the Figure of a Man, made of Barks of Trees and covered with Skins, upon which I suppose their Youth exercised themselves; and seeing that at thirty Paces farther distant than them, I never missed

missed it, they all began to caress me, by rubbing my Arms and my Shoulders, and making a thousand Gestures of Admiration and Respect before me.

Doubtless they took me for a most extraordinary Man. After this they did not presume to give us Alms, but Presents. And perceiving that nothing pleased us so much as Gold Dust, they gave it us in small Quantities indeed, none of them having a large Provision of it: They only gathered it to supply their daily Wants, and to exchange for what was necessary to them. All of it put together made near a Pound, which they had given us by Pinches, and which we carried off.

We passed the Night in this Village. They made us lye alone in a separate *Cafe* upon Mats of Reeds, and very obligingly presented to each of us a Female, that they might punctually fulfil the Duties of Hospitality; we refused them the most politely we could possibly, not being able in Conscience to do Honour to their Presents. We disposed ourselves in order for our Departure

ture the next Morning; but we were obliged to defer it, two of our Company being disordered in the Night by the Palm Wine that they had drank, though they had made no Debauch in it more than the rest. Exhausted as we were by fasting, a Liquor much less strong would have seized upon our Heads.

Our two sick Brethren proposed to us to stay amongst the Negroes; I know not whether the Temptation of amassing Gold Dust would not have made us take this Resolution, if *Monneville*, who did not value his Life if he could not return to pass it in *France*, had not represented to us, that we should find a certain Death in the neighbouring Villages, which we already talked of pillaging at the Head of our Negroes. Since having neither Sabre nor Fire Arms, our Courage would only serve to make us be pierced with a thousand Arrows, the Moment that our Negroes gave Way, which would inevitably happen at the first Onset. He was in the right; and besides this, our Gold Dust would not have help'd us to reach *Judda*, without
which

which it would have been wholly useless to us. We passed therefore the whole Day following in reposing ourselves, and we did not depart till the Morning after.

We could have wished that some of the Negroes would have escorted us only half a Day's Journey ; but the Devil a one was there that durst advance with us to the first Village through which we were to pass, as it was there that their most dreadful Enemies dwelt. Our good Negroes pressed us to take each of us a Bow and a Quiver of Arrows, which we refused to accept, and in which, according to my Opinion, we shewed some Prudence. As it was our Business to excite the Compassion of the Negroes through whose Villages we were to pass, we should have done very ill to appear there with Arms.

They gave us to understand by the Sun, that before it would set we should arrive at the terrible Village, and that we should frequently meet with Water in our Way. We carried with us therefore only some dried Fishes, which we

eat about Two in the Afternoon under some Palm Trees which we had discovered at a great Distance, and which our two sick Men did not reach without great Fatigue. One of them especially was so ill, that we were obliged to support him to assist his walking the remainder of the Day, which slackened our Pace, and prevented us from arriving at the Village by Day-light.

We assisted our Patient to march tolerably enough till about Ten o'Clock; when the Damp of the Night struck him, and threw him into so high a Fever, that we were obliged to carry him upon our Clubs laid across the rest of the Night, stopping continually to rest ourselves. As long as he was in the least sensible, he was incessantly imploring us not to abandon him. When it was Day, we found ourselves unhappily in an open Plain. This Observation made us redouble our Efforts to carry this poor Wretch still a quarter of a League farther, that we might gain a little Valley, where we judged that we should at least be under Covert from the Sight of these formidable Negroes,

groes, in whose District we still imagined we were.

We remained there till Nine o'Clock in the Morning, when the Heat of the Sun drove us from thence. We did not know which Way to turn to find a Shade. Besides our two sick Men, *Monneville*, who had never walked Barefoot, had his Feet all torn miserably, and being scarce able to support himself, he said to us with a false Tranquility that proceeded from Despair; Gentlemen, adieu, I wish you a good Journey; as to me, I shall remain here. I am resolved to die in the Sun, I shall be sooner dispatched, and languish less than in the Shade. There was amongst us a vigorous strong *Parisian*, named *Roland*. I proposed to him to follow me, and to assist our sick Men in spite of themselves. He consented to it. We left the rest there for two Hours, after which we returned to them each of us with a Bundle of Reeds and Herbs that we had fetched from the Banks of a River, which was at some Miles distance upon the right.

Our

Our Design was to make a Kind of Umbrella to cover our Companions, and preserve them from the Rays of the Sun, and particularly him whom he had carried so long. Our good Intention was useless to him, we found him expiring, and his two Companions upon their Knees, weeping and praying to God for him and for themselves; so thoroughly were they perswaded that we should never return, and that they must immediately follow him.

Our Return did not appear to give them any great Pleasure. Their Resolution was taken; they were tired of struggling against that Fate, from whose Rigour they saw no Appearance of being able to escape. The Destiny of the dying Man alone seemed worthy of Envy to them. He is happy, cried *Monneville*, pointing to him: Now he defies the Beasts, the Negroes, the Rage of Famine, and we are still exposed to all those Evils. As he was ceasing to live, added he, he was conscious of his Happiness. He recovered his Senses for a few Moments, which he employed in returning Thanks to
Hea-

Heaven for his own Deliverance, and in pitying us; he saw that our being more robust served only to make us longer miserable.

Do you know, continued he, what this unhappy Companion of ours exacted from us as he was dying. I have no longer any Inquietude but for you, said he; I hope that Heaven will accept of the Pains I have suffered as an Atonement for my Crimes, and I shall die satisfied if you will promise me to execute what I am going to say: In the Name of God, suffer my Death to be of Service to you; do not wilfully perish with Hunger in these Desarts, where you have only three or four Days Journey to proceed. Spare not my Body; you may feed upon it in a Moment, and carry with you the rest.

You arrived, Gentlemen, pursued *Monneville*, as he pronounced these last Words, and you have seen him expire; if this kind of Support is agreeable to you, we can make you the same Offer, for we shall not survive him long. So abandoned a Despair roused me into a
real

real Passion against *Monneville*; I reproached him with his want of Courage, and told him that I should find a Way to force him to follow us.

We made a Grave not very deep, as we had only our Hands and some Sticks to make it with: It was sufficient, however, to contain the Body. We placed a Cross over him, which I made of his Staff. This was his Mausoleum. The Bark of the Tree that had served him for a Hat, and the Sleeves of his Shirt, were employed to make a Sort of Stockings and Shoes for *Monneville*, who followed us after this with more Facility, and we made up to the River which I had discovered with *Roland*.

We resolved to follow its Course, that we might not wander too far from the Sea, and in hopes of sooner finding some Village of Negroes there than farther up the Coast; as in effect two Hours after we perceived one upon the Left; we took the Path that led to it, being perswaded that we should sooner excite their Compassion than their Appetite in the Condition to which we were reduced,
but

but eight or ten Negroes, who met us, spared us the Trouble of going thither. These unpolite *Africans*, instead of receiving us graciously, set up the most dreadful Cries, and pursued us, shooting their Arrows for above an Hour.

Their Obstinacy in pursuing us with their Arrows, some of which might have reached us, made me lose all Patience: I would have run up to these cowardly Enemies, but they were much too nimble for me; they had, however, done us no other Harm but terrifying us. After this disagreeable Rencounter, we regained our River without any Obstacle, and having gone about two or three Leagues from this Canton, we passed the Night by the Side of the Water upon the Sands, where we made our Supper, each of us of about a Pint of Water. However little Solidity there is in that Element, we found that it had the Virtue of appeasing in some Degree the Rage of Hunger.

It does not indeed produce a very sound Sleep. Not being able to rest, I left my three Companions, and passed a
Part

Part of the Night in search of some Trees that I might have eat the Leaves. For the Punishment of my Sins I found none, and I was ready in my Turn to give up all Hopes, when I reflected that we could not be very far distant from *Cape Coast*, where at least we should be in the Hands of Enemies who would treat us according to the Law of Arms, and exchange us upon the first Occasion.

Roland, as full of Courage as myself, instead of sinking under his Misfortunes, endeavoured to preserve his Life. It struck also into his Mind that we were near *Cape Coast*; he communicated his Thoughts to me, and told me that he believed we might arrive there the next Day, if we departed by Moonlight without waiting for the Dawn. I was entirely of his Opinion, but could not wake one of our Companions, which was the sick Man, whom with such Fatigue we had brought so far. He was old, and by Consequence stood in need of more Repose than we did. It was not worth our while to have been so unwilling to disturb him, since he was dead and not asleep,

asleep, which we did not perceive till the Day broke.

He was the Son of a rich Trader of *Rouen*; he first went to Sea in Quality of a Surgeon, after which he quitted the Lancet to turn Privateer, and lay his Bones thus in *Guinea*. As to him, more patient than any of us, he only feared Death as it abridged his Sufferings, which he thought could not be too long nor too cruel: It is I, doubtless, who have drawn all these Evils upon you, said he to me in private, from the first Day of our Misery, when he saw us in Danger of perishing in the Woods; it is the Misfortune of having associated yourselves with me, that now swallows you all up in the Punishment of my Crimes.

I endeavoured to give him Consolation, by telling him, that few amongst us had held a very regular Conduct in their Youth, and that our Profession was seldom embraced but by those who were incapable of exercising any other. No, no, resumed he, I am the only Criminal, a Wretch that Divine Justice ought to punish. Judge me yourself, my dear Chevalier,

Chevalier, when you have heard my Offences.

I began from the Age of Sixteen to deserve what I now suffer : I made Love to a young Heiress, whom I pursued less out of Inclination for her Person, than for the Fortune she was one Day to possess : I had a Rival who was preferred before me ; I resolved to revenge myself, and so easily found Means to do it, that I had not Leisure to reflect upon the Consequences of the Action I meditated. My Rival was not upon his Guard against my Resentment ; he thought I had acquiesced with Patience, as I had ceased to see my Mistress without coming to Reproaches with him ; therefore, when I made them my Visit, eight Days after their Marriage, they received me with Politeness, and even with Friendship. Far from suspecting my base Design, the young Bridegroom took me into his Closet, where, finding myself alone with him, I stabbed him with a Poniard.

I immediately went from the House, and going hastily out of the City, I gained

gained the Forest, where I remained concealed till it was Night, which I employed wholly in endeavouring to make off; but in the Disorder that agitated me, I lost my Way so entirely, that when the Dawn appeared I was still in the Wood. As I was looking out for some Cottage, where I might go to provide myself with Victuals, I discovered three Horsemen, who came directly to me; to avoid them, I fled into the thickest Part of the Wood, but one of them alighting followed me with a Pistol in his Hand, and soon seized upon me. I imagined myself already upon the Scaffold. I escaped however with only the Fear of it, for they called out to me, *Your Purse, or your Life.*

These Words reassured me, and I ceased to fly. Whilst this honest Gentleman was making me empty my Pockets, his two Companions called to him, and he conducted me before them: I related my Misfortune to them, and throwing myself at their Feet, I conjured them to save me. They looked upon each other laughing, and one of them asked me, if I had an Inclination
for

for their Profession. I protested to them, that I should look upon myself as the most fortunate of Mankind if they thought me worthy of exercising it with them. They told me, that they could not grant my Request, till I had first given them Proofs of my Ability, and had put myself in a Condition to follow them, by desiring the next Passenger to lend me his Horse.

I understand you, Gentlemen, replied I to them, give me what may make me respected at a greater Distance than my Sword, and you shall see that it was not an unreasonable Pride that made me presume to aspire to the Honour of [being your Associate: They gave me immediately the only Fusil they had, and posted me in a convenient Place to make my Request. They left me there, and retired to the Distance of five or six hundred Paces, not without having advertised me, that I must not enterprize any thing, when there appeared above two Men together.

I was

I was a considerable Time in my Ambuscade, without seeing any Thing but poor Wretches, whose Defeat would have afforded me neither Honour nor Profit. After this there passed before me two Gentlemen well-dress'd, and whose Horses would have been very suitable to me: Unfortunately for me, they had the Look of Men that would defend themselves well, and they were followed by four or five Men a-foot. It was not till towards Noon that there presented himself a Horseman alone, who came from the Side where my new Comrades were concealed. They let him pass by them with Impunity, to leave to me the Glory of dismounting him. This was a Tradesman of a little neighbouring Town, who, I suppose, wanting to reach *Rouen* before Dinner, rid pretty fast.

I prepared to take Aim at him, when I knew him to be one of my particular Friends. The Intimacy I had with him was so great, that if I had run no risque by returning to the City, I should have joined with him against the three Robbers. But as that would have been my
in-

inevitable Ruin, I stopp'd him with the most dreadful Tone of Voice. I commanded him to alight, and lay flat upon the Ground; then, after having robb'd him, I mounted upon his Horse, and rejoined the three Judges of my Action as in Triumph.

I flattered myself with having deserved their Applause, and I was not a little surprized with the cold Reception they gave me. One of these three illustrious Robbers, said to me with a fierce Look; What do you design to do with this Man? Did you spare him to set the City in alarm, by the Recital that he will not fail to make of the Accident that has happened to him? Your Penetration doubtless did not reach so far as to foresee, that in half an Hour there is not a Person in *Rouen* but will know that we are here, and what we are doing.

Struck with these Reproaches, I returned upon the Gallop to my poor Friend, and shot him through the Head with a Pistol. This Time, however, I imagined I had done my Duty, and expected

pected to see my Judges highly satisfied with me: Another Blunder, said they to me! Had you any thing to fear from this Man whom you had disarm-ed? Neither did I fear him, Gentlemen, replied I, since I have killed him. You ought, returned they, to have dragg'd him into the Wood, and there dispatch'd him with your Sword. In the first place, because a Shot is heard at a Distance, and may put these Travellers upon their Guard, who may be following him who was killed; and secondly, because when you dispatch a Man in the Forest, you spare yourself the Trouble of dragging him thither to conceal him from the Sight of the Passengers.

I begg'd these Gentlemen to consider that I was but a Novice, and consequently they ought not to be surprized if I was guilty of Mistakes. At that Instant several Merchants passed by, and saw the whole Exploit that I had performed, They spread abroad the Report in the City, which join'd, to the Assassination that I had committed the Evening before, caused so many Archers
to

to be disperſed in ſearch of us, that we were obliged to leave thoſe Parts.

We retired towards *Caen*, into the Caſtle of a Gentleman, where it appeared to me that they thought themſelves in Safety; though ſeveral of the Neighbourhood frequently viſited there. They all behaved ſo frankly to each other, that I ſoon perceived they were well acquainted. After ſome few Days, there arrived eighteen other Cavaliers at the Caſtle, who aſſembled there upon an Advice that they had received from *Rouen*, that a Gentleman, named *La Motte le Bailly*, a rich Merchant of *Caen*, was to ſet forward upon ſuch a Day, with a large Sum of Money that he had drawn out of the Hands of his Correſpondents; one of his Footmen, who had ſome Intercourſe with us, having had the Goodneſs to inform us of it, adding to his uſeful Information, that he believed his Maſter deſigned to go over for Refuge into *England* upon the Account of Religion, and that it would be eaſy for us to ſtrip the Houſe in the mean Time.

I imagined within myself, that we should go and wait for the Merchant on the Road, at his Return from *Rouen*; but this they did not think proper to do, our Troop being too strong, and consequently too insolent, to content themselves with a silent Robbery. They formed another Resolution: As soon as they knew that the Family of this Citizen expected him in the Country, and that his faithful Valet had caused us to be advertised of his Arrival, together with his Son, who usually accompanied him, we all mounted our Horses to repair thither.

It was not entirely dark when we enter'd the Court. They had placed me at their Head by Way of Trial of me. The Master of the House advanced to meet us, and asked us very politely, if he could be of any Service to us; I made him no Answer, but with a Pistol that laid him dead upon the Ground; and his Son and Wife were treated in the same manner. They spared the Domestick who had served us so well, with some of the others, whom we preserved to prepare our Supper;

M

we

we also spared the Life of one of the Children of Monsieur *de la Motte*, and that because we were informed he was deaf and dumb; nevertheless that Child afterwards remembered some of the Troop who were confronted with him, and was the principal Occasion of their receiving the Punishment they deserved.

I remember that the Compliments made me during the Supper by this illustrious Brotherhood having inspired me with Gaiety, I seized upon a Parrot which fluttered about in its Cage, and cried Murder! Murder! Words which she had often heard repeated; I cut off her Head, and thrust it into the Mouth of the dead Citizen, repeating some brutal Jest, which acquired me fresh Applauses. A young Man of my own Age, named *Grachi*, upon this said to me, with an ironical Tone, that it was very fortunate to have received from Nature such a happy Disposition as I expressed.

By this Stroke of Raillery he displeased the whole Company, who concluded from thence that the young *Grachi*,
with

with his Sentiments of Compassion and Humanity, would never make his Fortune in this Profession, and they condemn'd him unanimously not to proceed in it. His Father, as if this Reproach had dishonour'd his Son, begged them to forgive him: He promised to harden his Heart, if possible to inspire him with more Resolution, and for an Expiation of his Weakness, he forced him, upon the Spot, to drink a large Glass of the Blood of the Murder'd.

It was thus that this wretched Companion of my Miseries made me his Confession in the Bitterness of his Heart. I had resolv'd not to mention any thing of his Life to *Monneville* and *Roland*, lest they should be more careless of him, but his Death prevented him from wanting their Assistance any longer. *Monneville*, when he saw us cover him with the Sand, sigh'd deeply, and looking dejectedly upon us, It is not worth the Trouble of doing this twice, said he to us, leave a Place for me by this unhappy Wretch; I ought now to go the first, by endeavouring to go farther I shall only embarrass you, and even perhaps

prevent you from reaching to *Cape Coast*. Strive therefore, Gentlemen, to arrive thither alone, and do not ruin yourselves obstinately by endeavouring to preserve me.

These Words of *Monneville* affected us all, and we told him, that if he gave himself thus up to Despair, and would not make a last Effort, we would all remain with him, and let ourselves perish like Cowards. I strove, however, to give him Consolation, by protesting to him, that if he would recollect all the Strength that he had left to follow us, we would abandon ourselves to the first Negroes that we met, and perish together by their Hands, or obtain Assistance from them. *Monneville* at length submitted, and we departed, after having drank copiously of the Water of our River.

Exhausted as we were, we began our Journey again, with a full Resolution of proceeding, and we walked tolerably well, till Eight or Nine in the Morning, when we found some Negroes employed, as we supposed, in making

a kind of Dam upon a large River. Whatever their Cruelty might be, we were in a Condition to disarm it, and, as if our Necessity alone had given us Strength, we ceased to feel it as soon as we saw these Men, from whom we might receive Assistance.

It was not in our Power to chuse in what manner we would salute them, we fell down fainting at their Feet. They gave us in the first place a little boiled Rice to eat, which doubtless saved our Lives. After having examined us with Attention for above a Quarter of an Hour, without speaking to us, they all applied themselves again to their Work, except two of the most antient, who remained with us as if to guard us. The first Effect that the Nourishment produced which we had taken, was to remove a Giddiness that had seized upon us all; and afterwards it gave us so great a Drowsiness, that in less than Half an Hour we all three fell into the most profound Sleep.

Some Hours after we awaked on a sudden, at the Noise made by the Arrival

val of a new Troop of Negroes, at the Head of whom was the Chief of the Canton, to whom they had gone to give Notice of our Arrival. Conceive, if it is possible, our Astonishment and our Joy when he saluted us, and said to us in *French*, *From whence are you ?* we thought we heard the Voice of an Angel. I informed him in few Words of what Nation we were, and the Misfortunes that had happened to us ; upon which he exhorted us to take Courage, assuring us, that we might think ourselves in as great Safety with them as if we were in *France*.

To recover us out of the Surprize he perceived we were in, he told us, that he had been carried off and sent to *Paris* when he was but ten Years old ; that he had been baptized there, at the Parish of *St. Sulpice*, and held at the Font of Baptism by Madame the Dutcheß *de Berry*, then very young ; and that he had afterwards been sent back to *Judda*, to the *French* Factory, in hopes that he would be of great Assistance to their Trade ; but that he had soon quitted all to rejoin his Countrymen again, with whom

whom, tho' very ignorant, he was better pleased than with the *French*; because, said he, I find it better to live as a Master among the Stupid, than as a Slave with Men of Sense.

He was perfectly well acquainted with *Paris*, he named all the Quarters of that City to *Monneville* and *Roland*, as well as several Families particularly known to the last. This generous Negroe, glad of having an Opportunity to shew us that in *France* he had learnt how to behave himself, did all that we could have expected from the most humane of the *French*. He caused a kind of Biers to be made, upon which we were carried by his Order to his Village, which was at a considerable Distance from thence.

That Evening he regaled us with *Cabris*, or Wild Goats, and the next Day he ordered the best of six or seven young Hogs, which he had bought to stock his Canton, to be killed on purpose for us. It was our own Fault that we did not stay with him till we were entirely recovered, but that we could

not persuade ourselves to submit to. The Impatience of being again at Sea seized upon us the Moment he had told us that we had but two small Days Journey from thence to *Cape Coast*, and that the Negroes, through whose Villages we were to pass, were not of a cruel Nature.

After five or six Days of Repose and good Food, we demanded our Audience of Leave of him, and this noble Godson of Madame the Dutcheſs of *Berry*, ſeeing us abſolutely determined to depart, gave us a young Negroe to conduct us, and to carry our Proviſions for the whole Road. This was not yet all, he made us a Preſent of half a Pound of Gold Duſt, and what charmed me the moſt, as to my own Particular, was, that he lent me a good Sabre, which he had brought from *Judda*, deſiring me to ſend it back by his Negroe as ſoon as I arrived there. He adviſed us to travel more in the Night than in the Day by reaſon of the Heat; and as a Return for all this good Uſage, he only exacted from me a Promiſe to make his Compliments to five or ſix Valets and Cham-

Chambermaids of *Paris*, with whom he had been intimately acquainted, he said, and whose Names and Surnames he repeated to us a thousand Times.

We met, in our first Day's March, with one of those three great Rivers which he had told us were between his Village and *Cape Coast*; and as *Monneville* could not swim, I was obliged to take him upon my Back, for we were both very near being drown'd; which was the Reason that, to get him over the other Rivers, we fastened some Pieces of Wood together, and in that manner made a little Float, which *Roland* and I pushed before us as we swam.

We passed near several little *European* Forts, in each of which there was only a Garrison of four or five Soldiers, their small Number keeping them always upon their Guard against a Surprise; they all refused to receive us, and even threatened to shoot us if we approached them. Our Guide also, in our Route, shewed us a Mine of Gold*.

M 5 All

* *St. George de la Mine*, about three Leagues from *Cape Coast*.

All the Negroes that were there had Rings of Gold upon their Toes and their Fingers; they were even platted into their Hair. The little Furnaces in which they made these Rings, Golden Hearts, Half-Moons, and other such little Toys, were under Ground, and in very bad Order, and their Workmanship appeared but indifferent. They scarce had any Resemblance of the Things whose Names they bore. They gave us of them in Exchange for Gold Dust, very faithfully, and almost Weight for Weight.

We arrived at length at *Cape Coast*, where we had so much wished to find ourselves, without foreseeing the new Disaster that attended us there; for we fell once more into the Hands of the same *English* Captain that had taken us Prisoners. When he saw us again he thought he beheld a Vision, not being able to imagine that we could have escaped the Dangers he had exposed us to by setting us ashore. Certainly, said he, shewing me to Monsieur *Cazali*, if we don't put this Devil into the Mouth of a Cannon we shall never get rid

rid of him. You would not gain by doing so, replied I to him in *English*; at least if you had done it before, you would have lost my Ransom, and that of my Companions, which we have brought you: We then presented to him our whole Quantity of Gold Dust, which he took without any Ceremony, and after we had related to him all the Pains and Miseries that we had suffered, during the dreadful Journey that he had so cruelly made us take, he sent us to the Dungeon, without discovering to us the further Punishment he intended for us.

Monsieur *Cazali* solicited strongly in our Favour. He represented to the Captain, that our two Companions who had perished so miserably had paid sufficiently for us, and that he was persuaded that he would have the Generosity to let us enjoy at Liberty a Life which had been spared by the Negroes and the Wild Beasts. Our Advocate had no Success, for we remained fifteen Days in the Dungeon, and at length were released from it by a Folly, which alone would have been sufficient to have thrown me there, if Mankind was not
so

so corrupted as they are, and so familiar with Vice.

Monfieur *Cazali*, whose first Care had been to provide us with Nourishment capable of re-establishing us, by sending us in private the most excellent Meats, of which he often deprived himself, came to us one Day, and made us a very long Visit in our Prison; and perceiving that I had only the wretched Remains of my blue Shirt, which scarce half covered my Body, he sent me the Moment he returned home one of his Shirts by a Negress who attended upon him. This Lady acquitted herself of but one half of her Commission; she contented herself with making her Master's Compliments to me, and adding great Civilities of her own, but she kept the Shirt.

When she was returned home from the Prison, Monfieur *Cazali* asked her several Questions concerning me, and he judged by the Answers that she made him, that she had not given me the Shirt. He asked her why she had done thus: She told him insolently, that the
Shirt

Shirt belonged lawfully to her, and that I had made her a Present of it for her Favours. She maintained this Invention with so much Steadiness, that Monsieur *Cazali* very piously believed her, tho' she was at least fourscore.

He thought this Adventure so extraordinary, that he could not forbear imparting it to some *English* Officers, who diverted themselves with it highly. They afterwards related this marvellous History to the Captain, who laughed at it still more than they did: To procure himself a new comic Scene at my Expence, after Supper they all conducted this beautiful Beldame to me in Ceremony; several Flambeaux preceded her, like an *Indian* Bride whom they were accompanying to the Nuptial Bed. I saw plainly that all these gay Gentlemen came thither to entertain themselves at my Cost, and without knowing then why they took this Diversion, I entered with a good Grace into their Pleasantry. I rallied with them upon the Charms of the *Belle Brunette*, and what I said to them that Evening put them in so good a Humour, that Monsieur *Cazali* came the

the next Morning to tell us we were at Liberty, and that we should be conducted to *Judda*, where they even permitted me, if I pleased, to carry my young Mistress with me.

Judda, upon the Coast of *Guinea*, is a neutral Port in Time of War. No large Vessel can enter it, they are obliged to remain in the Road, because there is a Bar, or a kind of Sand-Bank, which prevents their Entrance. This Bar occasions such Surges that they must be observed with great Care not to perish even in a Shallop. The Vessel which carried us to *Judda*, went thither to buy Negroes. When we were in her Shallop, I perceiv'd that the Sailors, as they passed the Bar, worked her very ill; I would have steer'd, but they prevented me, and we overset in a Moment.

There were always several Negroes there, who being used to these Sorts of Accidents, and certain of gaining some Recompence, throw themselves into the Water, and go to the Assistance of those who stand in need of it. Two of them immediately helped me to save *Monneville*, then giving my Attention to *Roland*,

land, my other Companion, I saw him at a great Distance from me, and I thought he seemed to be drowning. I immediately left *Monneville* in the Hands of the two Negroes, and I hasted to the *Parisian*, whom I caught by the Hair, and it was with great Difficulty that I kept him above Water till they came to my Assistance, for he had lost his Senses, and did not help himself in the least. We thought him dead when he was upon the Land; however, by Degrees he recovered his Spirits, and in four and twenty Hours he was entirely recovered.

We had great Reason to be sensible that we were at last with our Countrymen. Monsieur *de Chamois*, the Governor of the *French* Fort at *Judda*, behaved to us with a Tenderness, that was more like a Father than like one of the same Nation only. He had us washed, shaved, and bathed, furnished with Linnen, Cloaths, and Money, and gave us the Use of his own Table as long as we remained there. What did he not do to engage us not to leave him! With what Ardour did he offer to contribute towards our raising a considerable Fortune there! It is certain we should have been

been of great Service to him in that Country.

He took the Trouble himself of teaching the Military Exercise to several Negroes, with whom he wished to have assisted his Ally the King of *Judda*, who was oppressed by his Neighbours; but he wanted Officers at the Head of his Negroes, without which they would be but wretched Troops. He made no Efforts to detain *Monneville*, when he knew upon what Occasion, and with what Orders he had quitted *France*; but as to *Roland* and myself, he declared to us in positive Terms, that he would not let us escape so soon.

Near three Months passed before any Occasion presented itself for our putting to Sea again, and I almost despaired of quitting this Country, when a Privateer of *Martinico* came to anchor in the Road of *Judda*. It was a Vessel called the *Brave*, of six Guns, the Captain of which was named *De Gennes*. There were aboard her several Privateers of *St. Domingo*, who knew me; and when they learned I was there, they came with their

their Captain to desire me to join with them; which I promised them to do, even in spite of *Monsieur de Chamois*, if he endeavoured to oppose it.

I expected, in effect, that this Governor would have attempted putting an Obstacle to it; nevertheless, *Roland* and myself had no sooner demanded his Permission than he granted it, testifying to us, with Politeness, the Regret he felt at it. He exacted from us, however, one Thing, which we could not refuse him; which was, to lend him our Assistance for an Expedition that he meditated; after which he consented to our Separation, provided that, in our room, they left him at least one Man of the Equipage.

Roland, more prudent than I, offer'd himself to stay, which gave great Pleasure to *Monsieur de Chamois*, because this *Parisian* was a very brave Fellow, of great Experience, and who could be of considerable Assistance to him. What engaged *Roland* to take this Resolution, was, that the Hazards he had run at Sea, and especially the last, which I had just

just saved him from, gave him a Dislike to that Element. The Acquisition of the Gold Dust of the Negroes, tho' more slow, appeared to him preferable to the Expectation of those fortunate Chances of the Privateer Business, which few have the Happiness to meet with.

In effect, he succeeded so well in his Affairs at *Judda*, that in 1719 I saw him pass through *Nantes*, with a Treasure of near eighty Pounds of Gold Dust, which he was carrying to *Paris*, where he designed to settle himself in an advantageous Post. He was extremely pleased at meeting me there; he was never satisfied with repeating to me that I had saved his Life; and I could not excuse myself from receiving from his Liberality a Pound of Gold Dust, which was then worth several hundred Livres. I have since heard that he lives at *Paris* in great Affluence and Tranquility.

To return to *Monsieur de Chamois*; he exacted from us, that we should go to make a Descent upon *Princes Island*, I know not for what Reason; for not long before

before it had been sacked together with the Island of *St. Thomas* by Monsieur *Parent*. *Princes Island* is almost directly under the Line, and belongs to the *Portuguese*; we arrived thither in seven Days; we landed two Leagues from the Town, conducted by a Mulatto, the Son of a white Man and a Female Savage of that Island. He knew the Country, and Monsieur *de Chamois* had given him to us as a Guide; he managed our Route and our Time so properly, that we advanced to the Entrance of the Suburbs without being discovered.

We were spied there by some Negroes, who alarmed the Place: We found plainly, that without this Surprize we should never have carried it, upon account of the Smallness of our Number, since fifty Citizens stopped us above half an Hour upon a narrow Bridge, where we were obliged to pass. They made this Resistance only to give the rest of the Inhabitants Time to retire to the Woods with the best of their Effects; for the Defenders of the Bridge had no sooner given way, and taken their Flight promiscuously, but we made ourselves Masters

Masters of the Town without Opposition. The Inhabitants, who had shut themselves up in the Citadel, abandoned it in the Night; so that the next Morning we marched into it without striking a Blow. We found there eight Pieces of Cannon, which we spiked and threw over into the Ditch.

Monfieur Parent had so thoroughly ruined the Inhabitants of this Island, that we could draw nothing from them by way of Contribution; therefore, having occupied their Houses for some few Days, while they lay in the Woods, we set Fire to them, that Monfieur de Cha-mois might know, however, that we had kept our Promise to him. We resolved afterwards to go upon the Coast of *Brazil*; but before our Departure from this Island, we began to have a Taste of what Fortune destined for us in this Voyage. In attempting to carry off some Flocks of Sheep, several of our Companions were taken by the Inhabitants, and murdered so cruelly, that we resolved to revenge their Death. Unfortunately the Enemies that we had to deal with were so nimble, that they
escaped

escaped us when we imagined we had them safe, and their Parties were continually surprizing some of our People; add to this, the Heats of the Climate, still more difficult to support than the Fatigues of our Incurfions. Several of our Companions fell ill, Part of them died upon the Island, Part of them at Sea; so that we lost at least twenty Men, by attempting imprudently to revenge three or four.

From thence to the Coast of *Brazil* we were kept so long out at Sea by the stormy Weather, that our Water began to fail when we arrived there; therefore our first Care was to find out fresh Water. For this End we landed two Nights together without finding any, which made us resolve to take it in the Day in some uninhabited Part. This did not succeed; we were perceived, and repulsed every where.

The greatest Harm the *Portuguese* did us was, that having seen us in the Day examine the Entrance of a little River, and making no doubt but we designed to land there in the Night, they

they laid an Ambuscade for us, and at the third Voyage that we made thither, they carried off our Shallop, and ten of our Comrades, whom they surprized, were massacred, without a Possibility of our assisting them.

After this Misfortune, we were for three whole Months the Sport of Winds, sometimes drove beyond *Rio Janeiro*, sometimes towards *Buenos Ayres*, and when we expected to have refreshed ourselves there we were immediately brought along the Coasts to *Cayenne*, where we at length got into Harbour, all of us very ill, having been for a considerable Time reduced to drink each of us only half a Pint of Water in four and twenty Hours, and at length to have nothing but our Sails to suck in the Mornings, when they were moistened with the Dew.

Being unable to keep the Sea, we resolved to retire to *Martinico*, as soon as we were something recovered. Before we arrived there, we met in our Way Monsieur *Dugue*, a Captain of a Privateer of *St. Domingo*, who, with a gay
fresh

fresh embarked Company, was taking his Route towards *Angola* *, on board the *Francois*, a Vessel of eight Guns. We spoke to them, we related our Disasters to them, and, as I knew *De Genne*s was going to careen, I accepted the Proposition that *Dugue* had made to take me aboard.

Monneville was far from wishing to follow me. He was so fatigued with the Sea, and the Misery he suffered, that he was not to be known almost. He conjured me with Tears in his Eyes not to quit him, but to conduct him to *France*, assuring me, that he had what was more than sufficient to make me live happy with him, and offered to share his Fortune with me; but I was not yet tired enough of the Sea to accept of his Offers. All that I could do for him, was to desire *De Genne*s to seek an Opportunity for his returning into *France*, and to depend upon my Payment of every Thing that my Friend might agree for. He arrived safely in his native Country, and many Years after

* Upon the Coasts of *Africa*, about ten Degrees Southern Latitude.

after I had the Pleasure of seeing him happy in the Bosom of his Family.

Dugue had the strongest Company I had ever seen in a Privateer, and his Vessel was an excellent Sailor. I found myself, therefore, in the midst of Companions, who having at least as good an Opinion of themselves as I had, and as strong a Disposition for Action, promised soon to make me Amends for the unlucky Expedition I had been upon. We did not go so far as the Coasts of *Africa* before their good Intentions were put to a Trial. We met off *St. Helena*, where we designed to put in for Refreshment, an *English* Ship of thirty Guns.

We disposed ourselves to board her, and she to avoid it. They fired upon us for above two Hours, and killed a considerable Number of our People; the unfortunate *Dugue* was amongst the Dead, and I was declared Captain upon the Spot. I immediately gave out my Orders for grappling; and the long Resistance of the *English* having animated us against them, together with the Death

of

of our Chief, we fought with so much Eagerness, that when they struck there was scarce one Man left who was in a Condition to defend himself.

The excessive Desire I had to revenge myself on the *Portuguese* for what they had made me suffer, was the Occasion of my proposing, in my little Council, to return into *America*, and cruize upon the Coast of *Brazil*. My Advice was unanimously approved, when I made them observe the Difficulty there was to dispose of our Prize any where but at *St. Demingo* or *Martinico*; and when I had represented to them how seldom the Privateers made their Fortunes upon the Coast of *Africa*, where they met with almost as many Men of War as Merchantmen, and where there was no commodious Place for their Retreat.

When we drew near *Brazil*, we sent six of our People, with some of the *English* to *Petit Goave*, to sell our Prize, and seeing these little Islands again, where two Months before they had refused us Watering, I made Descents

upon them, which the Fishermen who inhabited there could not prevent. We put all to Fire and Sword, and threw into the Sea a prodigious Quantity of dried Fish which we found there, and in which all their Wealth consists. During the Night we passed entirely a-cross the River of *Janeiro*, to take in Wood and Water at the Island of *St. Ann*.

Tho' this Island is very small, not being much above a League in Circumference, yet there is near the Middle of it a fine Reservoir of fresh Water. We saw there Birds of a most extraordinary Colour; their Bodies were of a very bright Red, their Wings and their Tails of the finest Black upon Earth. After this we approached the Continent, and continually making Descents, we ruin'd the Plantations, and set excessive Price upon the Liberty of those Prisoners who were able to redeem themselves.

We carried off amongst the rest, about twelve Leagues from *Rio Janeiro*, a Captain of a *Guarda Costa*, his Wife, two Daughters who were Women, a *Carme*, and several Slaves. The *Carme*
was

the Chevalier de Beauchene. 267

was Brother to the Captain, and had conveyed himself thither from his Convent in *St. Sebastian**, by express Orders from their good Mother, who was willing, before she left the World, to have the Consolation of seeing her two Sons together, and giving them her Benediction. This pious Mother, after having divided to each his Portion of her Goods, was taking her Leave of them, when we assaulted her Habitation. The first Fuzils that we shot interrupted the mournful Ceremonial of their Adieus, and a silent Fear succeeded to the loud Cries and Complaints with which the House had resounded.

No Person seemed to pretend to oppose us, but a young Woman of more Spirit than the rest, who endeavoured very unpolitely to have clapped the Door against us, but unluckily for her a Musket Shot soon sent her to keep the good old Woman Company. The *Carme* in an Agony fled into the Garden. The Captain, who had also escaped there,

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* The Capital of the Province of *Rio Janeiro*.

immediately fired at us, without perceiving that we had seized upon his Wife and his Daughters. As soon as his Eyes were struck with that Spectacle, and that he took notice we were preparing to set fire to the House, he ceased to defend himself, and submitted with a good Grace. The Monk made more Ceremonies; he summoned us first in the Name of Heaven to spare his Life, then, as if he had distrusted obtaining his Pardon in that manner, he soften'd in a Moment, prostrated himself humbly at our Feet, and conjured us by the hallowed Candle, with whose Light his Mother's Soul was then flown, and which he still held in his Hands.

Judge not of me by my Habit, cry'd he to us; I am a Priest, Gentlemen, do not imbrue your Hands in the Blood of an Ecclesiastick, a Religious, a *Carme*. I demand nothing from you but my Life; grant it me out of Compassion, or rather for your own Interest. I am thoroughly acquainted with this Habitation, and I offer myself to discover to you every thing that is of Value, and
worth

worth your carrying off. At so pathetic a Speech we re-assured him, upon Condition that he kept his Word, which he did not fail to do. He opened all the Locks to us, saying, Take, Gentlemen, all is yours. He pronounced these Words with so much Ardour and Frankness, that it was impossible to doubt but he sincerely renounced all earthly Possessions.

We were obliged to him for many Things, which without him would have escaped our Discovery, and particularly twelve Negroes, whom he made us take in a Place where we should never have thought of searching for them. They made no Resistance, being fully perswaded, like the Ass in the Fable, that since they must be Slaves, it was indifferent to them who was their Master.

As it is difficult to satisfy all Parties, the generous Procedure of the *Carme* disgusted his whole Family, who thought him too liberal at their Expence; his Sister-in-Law particularly, a little passionate and hasty by Nature, made her

Inveſtives in very plain Terms. Would you believe it, Gentlemen, ſaid ſhe to us when they were aboard, that that Creature who was killed was the Companion of this Reverend Father, who had the Inſolence to bring her to my Houſe, tho' he came there only to receive the laſt Bleſſing of his Mother !

She was continuing her Elogy of the Monk, when her Huſband impoſed Silence upon her, to make us his Excuses for her Sally of Paſſion. You ſee plainly, Gentlemen, ſaid he, that 'tis her Anger that has blacken'd the Character ſhe gives of my Brother. He is a Raſcal, I acknowledge it ; but it ought not to have been told for our own Honour, and that of Religion. But be not ſcandalized at what you have heard ; the Religious here do not reſemble him who has been deſcribed to you ; they are learned, virtuous, zealous for the Faith, and always ready to ſeal it with their Blood.

The good *Portugueſe* ſaid nothing but what was ſtrictly true, but he did
not

not add, that in this new World there was also a great Number of the Monks ignorant, idle, and debauch'd, and who had only chose the Convent to live with Impunity in Luxury, Plenty, and Sloth. He did not confess to us what we very well knew, that in that Country he who names a Monk, names a Man powerful, absolute, haughty, independant ; a Man dreaded by the Great, respected and almost adored by the Populace, who have neither the Sense nor the Courage to shew themselves scandalized at his Conduct.

As it was not the Morals of our Prisoners, but this Ransom that was of Consequence to us, we obliged them to write to the Governor of *Rio Janeiro*, whose Relations they were, that we demanded of him for their Liberty a certain Quantity of Flour, Sheep, and Brandy ; that if we did not receive these Provisions in four and twenty Hours, or if there came the least Vessel out of the Port, the Captain and his whole Family should answer for it. I presume the Degree of their Kindred with the Governor was not so

near as to give him an hereditary Right, for he perform'd our Command most punctually, notwithstanding the Severity and Harshness of the Conditions we imposed upon him.

On our Side, we had no sooner received the abundant Supply that we had demanded, than we set our Prisoners ashore, very much satisfied with our Behaviour. The Captain especially testified, that he was less touched with the Liberty he recovered, than with the Regard and Respect we had all shewn to his Wife and Daughters. As to them, when they fell into the Hands of the *French*, and of *French* Privateers too, I am satisfied they did not expect such Moderation. In effect, I know not whether the so much boasted Continnence of *Scipio* was much superior to what we did in this Conjunction.

As to the *Carme*, he had no great Reason to praise us. About an Hour before he left us they play'd him a Trick, which I had no share in, and which I disapproved extremely. Some
of

of the Privateers, for their Amusement, treated him as *Fulbert* did the Lover of *Heloise*. I blamed them excessively, and yet I could not help laughing with them when the Surgeon, whom I had reproached the most particularly, told me, with the greatest Coolness in the World, that this Cure would be an Honour to him, that the Operation had not lasted two Minutes, that he would answer for the corporeal Recovery of his Patient, and that there was great Reason to hope for the Spiritual, which without this Remedy must have been desperate.

The Governor of *Rio Janeiro* was irritated to the last Degree at our Insolence; and looking upon the Law that I had imposed on him, of furnishing us with Provisions, as the greatest Affront, he resolved upon my Ruin, and thought of nothing but Revenge. He communicated his Design to the four Captains of *Guarda Costas*, and setting a Price upon my Head, he desired them to proclaim, that he would give four thousand Pieces of Gold to the Person

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that

that should bring it to him. What Difference, good God! I could not now get Sixpence for it.

I was so exalted with this signal Honour, that the *Portuguese* condescended to do me, that I very frequently gave them Opportunities of attempting to gain the Prize proposed. We continually made Descents, and in our Pillages we saved none but the Negroes; then, when we had a certain Number of them, we hoisted the *English* Flag, and carried them to some Distance to dispose of. The Deceit was soon found out, and without respecting the blue Flag they very frequently fired upon us. They laid so many Snares for us, that my valuable Head was at length very near taking a Journey to *Rio Janeiro* without the rest of my Body.

The Governor having learnt that we were between his *Capitainie* and that of *Spirito Sancto*, sent several Frigates out after us, who making off to Sea, flattered themselves with surprizing us upon the Coast, and hemming us in. The Cap-

Captain of the first that we perceived behaved in a Manner that would perhaps have made a Dupe of any other Person as he did of me. He drove before him two wretched Vessels, called *Semaques*, each with a Company of about ten or twelve Men, who no sooner saw us than they seemed to use their utmost Efforts to avoid us, and yet they suffered themselves to be taken.

When the Frigate appeared in its Turn, its Sails all in Disorder, like a shattered Vessel, its slow Motion, and seven or eight Men who appeared upon it, seemed to exert themselves also to gain the Shore and escape us; I thought, like an Ass, that it was a third *Semaque*, as easy to take as the two others, and that it was sufficient to go with our Shallop, and see if it was no richer a Prize than they were. The Calm which then reigned, and which made it troublesome to bring our Vessel up with them, was the Occasion of my taking this Resolution.

I got into the Sloop, therefore, with
about

about a Dozen of the Privateers, and we soon overtook them. The too great Eagerness of the *Portuguese* saved us. Instead of letting us board them without discovering themselves, they rose up with Precipitation as soon as we were within Pistol-shot, and made a Discharge upon us of two or three hundred Musket-shot, which put us into great Confusion. Our Shallop too was very near being overfet, by the sudden Motion we made to veer about upon this Surprize. We were still farther from expecting this, as at our Approach three or four of those who had appeared upon the Frigate, had hoisted up the *French* Flag, as if against the Endeavours of their Companions, and had called out, *Vive le Roy de France*, telling us, that they were Cannoniers of *St. Mato*, and that they had only entered among the *Portuguese* upon account of Monsieur *du Gue Trouin's* having left them sick at *Rio Janeiro*, after the Expedition in which he had pillaged that Province, to revenge the Treatment given to Monsieur *le Clerc*.

They

They were indeed *French* Cannoniers; but the Traitors, after having betrayed their Country, desired nothing more than to make its most cruel Enemies triumph over it. It is easy to suppose in what Terms we complimented them as we made off, whilst these Betrayers making use of their Address gave us an Answer with their Cannon, as long as we were within Shot, and scarce ever missed us. We did not doubt but this Frigate was supported, and getting off as fast as we could from her, and from the Coast, by the Help of our Oars, we endeavoured to avoid the Consequences of so well concerted a Stratagem. In effect, in less than an Hour we discovered another Frigate, which waited only for the Wind to have attacked us.

Such a Conspiracy against my Head did not remain unpunished. I made new Descents and new Ravages, till having been informed that whilst we amused ourselves thus, a rich Vessel, returning from *Angola*, was peaceably entering into the River of *Janeiro*. We changed our Battery, and resolved to
cruise

cruise before its Entrance : We had soon Reason to applaud ourselves for this Determination ; for we had not been there above a Month, when we perceived a Vessel, which we could not reach till it was within Sight of the Coast. It was of thirty-six Guns, returning from the *South Sea*, and most certainly was not in the least expected, as since, seven Years that it had been gone to the Eastern Islands, it had never been heard of, and was supposed to be lost.

The Captain was a young Man of undaunted Courage, who desired nothing more than to come to Action, tho' he had but a Company of a hundred Men. The Sight of their native Country, to which they had brought back great Riches, after many Labours and Dangers, inspired them all with an heroick Courage. During more than half an Hour, that at two different Times we were upon their Deck, it was impossible for us to gain the least Advantage over them. They continually made us give Way, and retreat in Confusion to our Vessel. There was then

then a Suspension of Arms on both Sides, as if to take Breath ; after which, when we returned to the Charge, we found an equal Resistance.

Filled with Anger and Confusion, we redoubled our Efforts, and resolved the third Time rather to perish than to draw back. I had remarked, that after the first Discharge of their Fire-Arms, the *Portuguese*, as we did, trusted to their Courage, and almost all fought with their Swords. I spoke of it to my Companions, and ordered to fix themselves each upon a particular Man as much as it was possible. This succeeded perfectly for us, because our Enemies had more Valour than Skill, and combating with Fury, and consequently without being upon their Guard, they were guilty of no Faults but what were immediately made use of. Their Number then began to diminish more than ours, and tho' they still fought with the same Obstinacy, we were satisfied that the Victory would be ours.

The

The Captain, at length, seeing there was no farther Resource, threw himself into the Sea, in hopes to swim to Shore, and save at least what he had upon him: But he received a Musket-shot in the Water, which broke his Thigh, and he was obliged to submit and name himself to save his Life. The rest of the Company demanded Quarter at the same Time. The Bravery of these *Portuguese* converted into Esteem the Hatred we had felt for the whole Nation. We had the Wounded dressed, and took the same Care of them as of our own Companions.

As the Captain was undressing for that Purpose, who was then speechless, we found several Pacquets of small Pebbles, carefully lapped up, and fastened in his Shirt; and as I had no great Understanding in such sort of Merchandize, I looked upon them attentively, without guessing what they were, when I heard a weak Voice, which, from amongst the Heaps of the Dead and Dying, called out to me, *Diemainte, Diemainte, Signor Fortouna, Fortouna.*
This

This was an expiring *Portuguese*, who fearing that our Ignorance should make us despise and lose so precious a Booty, had the Goodness to make known the Value of it. It was a considerable Quantity of rough Diamonds. There was at least to the Value of three hundred thousand Livres, if I may judge of them by the Share I had. I sold them at *Nantes* in 1713, Part of them to *Monsieur de Bonnefond*, Commissary at *Brest*; and Part to *Monsieur de Pradine*, Brother to that *Monsieur Cazali*, whom I have mentioned.

I kept for five or six Days about twenty of these *Portuguese*, who did not vouchsafe to die of their Wounds. We used our utmost Efforts to engage them to stay with us, and reimplace those Companions whom we had lost. These *Portuguese*, so brave and so worthy of being Privateers, were not tempted to accept that Quality; they rather chose the obscure Conditions of Citizens of *Rio Janeiro*; we set them ashore then five and twenty Leagues from that City, giving them their Cloaths, Provisions, and

and more Money than would be sufficient to carry them thither. We did still more; seeing how rich our Prize was, we gave them so large a Quantity of their Merchandize as would preserve them from Want for some Time.

Their Captain, who was cured of his Wound, felt himself so touch'd with our Procedure, that addressing himself to the *Portuguese*; No, said he to them, it is not the *French* that we ought to look upon as our Enemies, it is the Ministers of the Court of *Lisbon* who have ventured to declare War against so generous a Nation: Then turning himself to us, he protested upon his Honour, that he was less sensible of the Loss of his Riches than he was of our Generosity. He added, that in Consideration of him, I should now be as much beloved in the City as I had been hated. I rather chose to believe him upon his Word, than to try if he had that Power over the Minds of his Countrymen.

I carried my Prize to *St. Domingo*, where we sold it for eighteen hundred

dred thousand Livres. Some Time after, in the Beginning of 1712, I went over to *Martinico*, where I learned that Monsieur *de Pbelypeaux*, who was the Governor, was raising Troops for an Enterprize against the *Englisb*. It was resolved to seize upon *Antigoa*, or at least to ravage it. Monsieur *de Cassart* was the Person who had the Conduct of this Expedition. He took for this purpose five of the King's Ships, and three thousand Men out of his Troops, to whom Monsieur *de Pbelypeaux* engaged us to join ourselves, to the Number of three hundred Privateers, as we were then in *Martinico*.

The *Englisb* were upon their Guard, and we attempted fruitlessly to make a Descent upon *Antigoa*. Monsieur *de Cassart* was piqued to the last Degree, and being unwilling it should be said, that he had made such an Armament in vain, he fixed upon *Montserrat*, where the *Englisb* were too weak to prevent our Landing. They had, however, formed eight or ten little Retrench-

trenchments, which we were obliged to force before we could arrive at the Town. Monsieur *de Cassart* drew up his Army in Order of Battle, and order'd the Privateers to be under regular Command, the same as the other Troops.

We kept our Ranks then gravely at the first Retrenchment, which we carried with some Resistance. We were disgusted with this Manner of Fighting; and making a Jest of the Phlegm with which the Soldiers of a Battalion discreetly count their Steps, and think only of measuring their March, whilst their Enemies have Time to disorder the Symetry of it by their Muskets, we let ourselves be carried away by our Impetuosity at the second Retrenchment, and leaving the Colours, the Drums, and our General, to run irregularly upon the *English*, we drove them from Retrenchment to Retrenchment, and entered promiscuously with them into the Town.

Monsieur *de Cassart* then found himself obliged to hasten his Pace. When he

he entered the Place, he gave us the severest Reprimands. He represented to us, that, besides the Guilt of Disobedience, we had exposed ourselves to the Danger of being cut to Pieces by our imprudent Vivacity. However, as he saw his Eloquence contradicted by the Event, and our Rashness justified, it was spoke of no more, and the Remainder of the Day was employed in pillaging the Town, and ruining the Inhabitants.

The Booty was carried in common on board the Ships, to be divided when we came to *Martinico*, so that the Pillage of the Town was performed at first with more Regularity than we had observed in the taking of it. But the Death of one of our Privateers was very near making this War, which we carried on so quietly against the *English*, degenerate into a Civil War amongst ourselves. This Privateer presenting himself to enter into a House that made a good Appearance, a *French* Officer, who was at the Door with some Soldiers, would have hindered him. The
Priva-

Privateer asked him, by what Right he seized upon that House, when neither he nor his Companions had contributed towards taking the Town. The Officer, instead of answering him, bid his Soldiers keep him off, and whilst this poor Wretch turned back to call us to his Assistance, he received two Stabs with a Sword, of which he fell down dead upon the Spot.

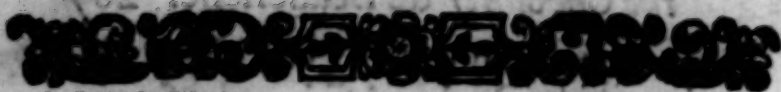
Some of the Privateers saw this, and informed us of it. We immediately began to assemble ourselves, and to send for those who were at a Distance. Happily Monsieur *Cassart*, informed of the Motions we made, run to us, and found us ready to attack the *French*, who prepared themselves to receive us valiantly, being at least ten to one. The Presence of the Chief did not disarm us; and perhaps he would have been forced to put himself at the Head of his little Army against us, if he had not offered us Satisfaction, by promising to deliver up to us the Officer of whom we complained. This Promise appeased us, tho' it was
never

the Chevalier de Beauchene. 287

never accomplished. The Officer disappeared, and the Affair was forgot. Not long after this, having acquired so considerable a Fortune by the *Portuguese* Prize, I resolved to take a Voyage into *France*, where I arrived safely in *March*, 1713.

F I N I S.





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